

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Sixth Year of Issue

September, 1946

Return to Economics

E. A. BEDER



CCF Enters New Phase

ANDREW BREWIN



The Deepening Crisis in Civil Liberties

DONALD C. MacDONALD



Education for Peace

NORAH McCULLOUGH



THREE POEMS

A. M. KLEIN

THE REALIST APPROACH

JAMES T. FARRELL

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THE FRENCH-CANADIAN OUTLOOK

by MASON WADE

"For any English-speaking Canadian who wishes to understand the land he lives in, *The French-Canadian Outlook* is quite as important as a dictionary of the French language." — Hugh MacLennan, author of *Two Solitudes* and *Barometer Rising*.

"Mason Wade has made a great contribution towards North American solidarity." — R. G. Cavell, Chairman, National Executive, Canadian Institute of International Affairs.

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MACMILLAN

O CANADA

Edmonton, July 19 (Special)—William Henry and H. M. Denner, who insisted that a Peace River district dance be closed with "O Canada" instead of "God Save the King," were fined \$10 and costs or two months in jail in police court today. They were convicted of creating a disturbance. Henry told the court he was "not a British subject, but a Canadian."

(Calgary Mail)

Granting of all citizenship privileges to 18-year-olds and over in Saskatchewan was urged in a resolution. It was charged that the CCF had given the vote to 18-year-olds as an election "bonus" but had failed to grant them the other citizenship privileges, which would enable 18-year-olds to enter beer parlors, purchase liquor and give them other privileges now held by persons 21 years of age.

(Regina Leader-Post)

W. F. Kuhl, S.C., Jasper-Edson, Alta., took issue with charges that private enterprise had failed because it had not provided employment. It was not the object of private enterprise to provide employment. Its job was to produce goods no matter how many hands it required.

(Victoria Daily Times)

The big Progressive Conservative Association picnic scheduled for August 24 at Windsor was called off today by the personal order of Premier Drew. His party followers had rounded up contributions from no fewer than 97 border hotels and clubs, it was revealed.

(Toronto Daily Star)

Throughout Saskatchewan there will be a genuine regret at the decision of W. J. Patterson, leader of the Liberal party, to resign the leadership. . . . There must be admiration for the decision of Mr. Patterson to leave his post at a time when the outward fortunes of the party are at a low ebb.

(Regina Leader-Post)

Vancouver—In a low-ceilinged narrow room, known as the "Denman Kingdom," members of the Father Divine cult met last night to celebrate his marriage to Edna Rose Ritchings, the 21-year-old white girl who married the self-proclaimed Negro "God." Edna's the luckiest girl in the world, but the people don't understand," cried Mrs. Margaret Urquhart, Vancouver leader of the cult. "Father Divine found a virgin, pure and unadulterated and Vancouver should be proud."

(Fredericton Daily Gleaner)

There is not the slightest danger of farmers joining in the destructive anti-social cussedness of some strikers, but what havoc would be created if farmers were as callous and brutal as those who are rejecting all efforts to effect settlements. Strike action by farmers, to match the tactics of the seamen, would involve the complete stoppage of food shipments. Home gardeners would be regarded as strikebreakers and gangs would go rooting up their gardens, howling that the police were causing trouble if they interfered with the destruction, or with the man-handling of protesting citizens.

(The Haney, B.C. Gazette)

Burnaby—According to the report of the Burnaby Health Department made to the municipal council Monday night, Burnaby had 39 "female" marriages in June, but no male ones. In reporting total marriages for the month, the department put all 39 under the female column, neglecting to say that the groom also had a part in the ceremonies.

(Vancouver Sun)

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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The Quarrels of Peace

The peace conference of twenty-one nations sitting in Paris has, at the time of writing, led to no concrete results whatever. We pointed out last month that the most important problems of peace — the future of Germany and Japan — were not even on the agenda, and we suggested that its most useful function might well be simply to act as a forum of world opinion. In so far as it has fulfilled this function, it has shown two things: that the smaller nations, who after all represent the majority of the world's population, do not appreciate being called together to rubber stamp the compromise decisions of the Big Three. And, further, that the Russian inability to compromise or co-operate on any point, which is here reflected on a larger canvas, makes profitable discussions of any kind almost impossible. We are well aware that Russia's suspicions have their partial justification in recent history, but that does not alter the fact.

Actually, the insistence of the smaller nations that they must share the responsibility for, and actively participate in, settling the world's problems, is to be welcomed. We are very glad that Mr. King and the Canadian delegation gave this view their support. In particular, Mr. King's suggestion that the Big Four should meet during this conference to consider its recommendations, is thoroughly sound, and we still hope that if the conference ever gets beyond discussions of procedure it may still be adopted.

The United Nations Assembly is due to meet in September. Whenever it does meet, the same principles will be at stake, the same disputes and bickerings will no doubt be repeated in substance. We hope that Canada there too will give unequivocal support to the democratic aspirations of the smaller nations. For as things stand, only the functional agencies of the UNO can do anything constructive, and even their work is severely handicapped unless the main organization is effective. It seems that some serious step must be taken by the Assembly, and soon (for it has the power), to make the whole setup more democratic, to move some way toward true government at the international level. They might well begin with the use of the veto, which should be modified, even though no one denies that the big powers must be given special weight where decisions are taken. But the present machinery clearly will not work.

Britain in Palestine

The tragic situation in Palestine is worsening every day, until any immediate solution seems very unlikely. For this the Jewish terrorists must share the responsibility with the British government. The outrages of which they have been guilty have done their cause immense harm.

From the first the question of Palestine has been bedevilled by the confusion of two quite different problems: Zionism and the plight of displaced persons in Europe. The former is a long-term problem, to which there is no immediate solution. As regards displaced persons, it is only fair to remember that the record of Great Britain compares favorably with that of any other country, and we can well understand that the British resent being told what they should do by people who are not willing to do anything themselves. We hope that President Truman's recent promise will be lived up to, and we would do well to put our own house in order.

Nevertheless, we feel sure that the British failure to implement at once the unanimous recommendation of the Anglo-American commission to allow 100,000 Jews into Palestine from the displaced persons' camps in Europe was a bad blunder from every point of view. Mr. Bevin once remarked that he believed in doing what is right because it is right, and surely this measure of relief was overdue. Even from the strictly military point of view, the situation is probably more difficult now than it would have been. The British may have had good reason to be afraid of the result on the Arabs, but they are no better off now, and they have alienated their only loyal supporters in that part of the world.

As long as Britain retains the mandate, the responsibility is hers, whatever others fail to do. But the responsibility is international, and surely if a threat to peace exists, it should be brought to the Security Council which is the only body that can act immediately. The British government has said it will not be deterred from implementing a positive policy. There is then still some hope, but it gets less every day.

The CCF Convention

The ninth national convention of the CCF met on August 8th-10th in Regina, the very place where the original Regina Manifesto of the party was hammered out at the first convention in 1933, when the CCF was officially launched. It is now the headquarters of Canada's one CCF government and many of the delegates of thirteen years ago, who were there, can be forgiven if they looked over those thirteen years with some satisfaction.

Symbolic of their achievement was the presence of fraternal delegates from both Great Britain and the U.S.A. Sam Watson, a member of the national executive of the British Labor party, had flown five thousand miles to bring the Labor party's greetings, and from the United States came Harry Laidler, secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy, who gave the convention an account of the latest attempts to form a third party in the United States.

It was also the first national convention since the last federal election, and if hopes for more rapid progress had been disappointed, the delegates neither indulged in recriminations nor were given to complacency. They seemed aware of the fact that there was a hard and bitter battle ahead of them, and their main concern was to be ready for it. The resolutions were for the most part concrete, and they covered, as usual, a very large range of subjects, from the grading of eggs to the present labor situation and international affairs. There was clearly a desire for concrete proposals. The convention proceeded to adopt pretty definite programs for housing and agriculture, and to instruct its national council to work out concrete legislative proposals for the first term of office.

In the same spirit measures were approved for greater facilities in the CCF national office, in particular the establishment of national headquarters in a CCF house in Ottawa, named Woodsworth House, in memory of J. S. Woodsworth, whose democratic spirit and selfless devotion to the betterment of his country still illuminates the mind and heart of his party.

What will develop during the two years before the next convention no one would care to forecast, but this convention

was evidently determined to do all in its power to be ready for whatever comes, and its whole spirit was to look forward with confidence, but without illusions.

Safe Again

Once again a parliamentary committee has given its blessing to our Canadian radio system, which is based upon a single national authority, responsible to parliament, with privately owned stations performing a local community function supplementary to the network operations of the CBC. Application for permanent privately controlled networks was again rejected. The CBC's intention to proceed with development of the national system, interrupted by the war, including utilization, for high power CBC stations, of all Class 1-A clear channels assigned to Canada, was approved; and the committee recommended that, to facilitate this, the Corporation be permitted to retain all revenue from listeners' license fees, without deduction for administration expenses, and to borrow beyond the present \$500,000 limit.

All this will meet with the approval of most Canadians. A small but aggressive minority of the committee, however, championed the private stations, who have long sought to sabotage our national radio system by extending their own privileges. This minority even supported the transparently disingenuous attempts of a Toronto station to establish its permanent title to the Class 1-A channel, temporarily allotted it, by obscuring the facts and imputing sinister motives to the CBC. These private interests and their spokesmen in parliament and press can be relied upon to continue the battle, with no holds barred, under the specious slogan of "freedom of the air."

It is unfortunate that the committee saw fit to leave in abeyance the question of an "independent tribunal" to adjudicate between CBC and private stations. Such a concept is completely subversive of the present relationship whereby the private stations are neither equals nor competitors of the CBC, but purely subsidiary trustees, performing a supplementary function under its control. We trust the "further study" recommended will lead to a final rejection, in no uncertain terms, of this dangerously insidious proposal.

Flogging a Spent Horse

In his efforts to exact from private enterprise the vigorous exertion demanded by the current housing crisis, Mr. Howe continues to look like a dispirited jockey flogging a reluctant and recalcitrant steed. His bursts of optimism have now given way to a settled and wistful gloom. And goodness knows the prospect is dark enough. Of the 50,000 housing units which formed the government's stated objective for this year, barely one-third have been started. Supposing half are completed by the end of the year, that will leave a deficit of 25,000 to add to the 80,000 announced as the quota for 1947, and all the time the demand is being enlarged by demobilized service men and war brides from overseas. "We can anticipate by spring, 1947, an immediate housing deficit of some 180,000 units, or a worsening of the situation by some 20 per cent," says the minister, with a touch of something very like masochism, deepened by the further statement that the house building industry's present capacity is only "a little more than half" that figure.

Yet with the dreary facts staring him in the face, Mr. Howe still insists that the private enterprise jaded can be whipped into winning the race. The federal government will

continue to assist with money for plant extensions, with price raises, with double depreciation on plants, with guarantees to take over any surplus production, with longer-term loans. But there will be no subsidization of low-cost housing, or any ban on non-essential building. The government, in short, is prepared to do anything but admit that the housing shortage constitutes a national emergency, demanding that public enterprise step in and do what private enterprise is so lamentably failing to do.

Where now are those rosy visions of domestic bliss with which, during the war, commercial advertisers and Victory Loan propagandists were wont to symbolize the Canadian Way of Life our boys were fighting for and longing to return to? With families living three or four deep in "converted" structures, babies denied their birthright in cramped one-room apartments, slum areas spreading their pestilence, and hundreds of newlyweds going straight from the altar to the cosy domesticity of a shack or the already overcrowded homes of in-laws, echo answers: Where?

Mere Journalism

In its clumsy attempt to discredit the "sensational" articles in which Dr. J. J. Brown revealed, from personal experience, the illogical and wasteful methods of War Assets Corporation, and at the same time to give the Corporation a slap on the wrist, a Commons committee has only made itself look ridiculous. It picks alleged minor flaws in Dr. Brown's statistics, but admits that the great majority of the cost figures involved have "not yet been examined" and "should not go unchallenged." It recommends a continuance of the investigation next session, and that meantime War Assets should reform its procedure in certain respects and the services review their stock-piles with the idea of filling civilian shortages. All of which is an implied admission of the gravity and validity of Dr. Brown's evidence, though the main point of his arraignment is ignored.

Dr. Brown's disclosures and criticisms were first made, under his pen-name Boris Sherashevski, in well-documented articles in *The Canadian Forum* for July and September, 1945—a full year ago. More recently, they were repeated over the same pen-name in the *Winnipeg Free Press*, and within the last two months over his own name in *Maclean's Magazine*. All the facts, therefore, had been published and were available when the committee commenced its sittings last March. But Dr. Brown was not called to give evidence till late in July; parliamentary committees under our present regime do not "take cognizance" of charges in the press until forced to do so by an aroused public opinion. Then they must save face by referring snifflily to such journalistic disclosures as "sensational."

Idols of the Market-Place

English literature had two obituaries on its hands last month. Bernard Shaw, it is true, continues to turn up to all his funerals as lively as Finnegan, though without his taste in whiskey. But the incredible writing energy of H. G. Wells, which in the last few years, with a succession of querulous valedictories, seemed to be sinking into a nervous tic, has stopped at last. Both writers are now in the trough of appreciation into which all great artists must fall between their later years, when young men are looking for younger masters or asserting themselves, and their final embalming as harmless classics. But even now no one can seriously deny that one is a dramatist and the other a novelist of major importance, apart from all their other achievements.

Both men reached maturity at a time when "artist" tended to mean a lover of sheltered beauty who was unwilling to recognize his social responsibilities. Both reacted violently against such a conception of art, and insisted that if that sort of thing was art then they were journalists, propagandists, tub-thumpers, professional scribblers, charlatans, or anything at all rather than artists. Both were great popularizers of modern ideas, and both preached a gospel of a sane and balanced rationalism, sufficiently free from prejudice, superstition and ignorance to be "normal," not in the sense that most people have it, but in the sense that enough people must acquire it for civilization to survive. Wells did not look beyond such a rational position; Shaw did, but regarded it as the necessary minimum.

Wells' range was therefore narrower but more intense: he was never fooled into thinking, as Shaw was during the Boer War, that imperialism could be a transitional phase of socialism, and therefore he understood the meaning of Fascism, as Shaw never did. There is nothing in Shaw corresponding to Well's horrifying fantasies of a Robot world or his vicious anti-Fascist satires, like *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham*, which prophesied Hitler's rise to power long before it occurred. As for Shaw, Chesterton's conception of him as a descendant of the Puritans is not likely to last: he is as pure a pagan as anyone can now be, far more so than Anatole France, for instance, because less self-conscious about it. Like the hero of *Major Barbara*, he is the incarnation of Greek culture in the modern world: his humorous, quizzical philosophy and his diet of weeds and water are of the age of Diogenes and Socrates; his disturbing problem plays and brilliant satires reek with the spirit of Euripides and Aristophanes; his morals are Aristotelian and his visions of a world disappearing into a whirlpool of pure thought are Platonic. One hopes that he will follow the example of the people in *Back to Methusaleh* and be found still chortling on his three-hundredth birthday at the "short-livers" who kill themselves by lethal habits.

Marginalia

"Shortages in nails and cement are attributed to one thing only: there are just not enough to go around," says a *Globe and Mail* staff dispatch, brilliantly summing up Ottawa's explanation. "Nails have been short ever since the cessation of hostilities," it adds. No wonder! Unable to find living space, veterans have been sitting around biting them.

That venerable body, the Senate, is all for immigration, pronto. Hadn't we better agree first upon the kind of wages we're going to pay our workers, and the standard of living we're going to assure Canadians as a whole, before we invite strangers to come and share the feast? Or do the Senators, being old married men and liable to sentimentality, still believe in those charming whimsies about love in a cottage and two living more cheaply than one?

The federal government's timid and disingenuous measure designed to find some way of taxing co-operatives while posing as their friend suggests that no matter how closely it holds its ear to the ground our government can always manage to catch, through the murmurs of the people, the stern tones of Its Master's Voice.

National registration is to end, but if the police chiefs of Canada have their way, we will all be finger-printed. We can see no reason why anyone except professional criminals or those contemplating a life of crime should object to either form of identification. But who are we against so many?

The attitude of the Pensions Department, which appears to be that it rests on the veteran to disprove any evidence seeming to ascribe his disability to pre-service origins, appears to us rather ghoulish. A man accepted for war service should be presumed to have been fit on enlistment, and treated for pensionable and hospitalization purposes accordingly.

And now we have neither a Dominion Day nor a Canada Day, but just a plain, unvarnished National Holiday. Why not a plain, white national flag, symbolizing the white flower of a blameless life, or a country without a history? That would solve the other great national problem with similar satisfaction to all.

The move petered out after the first world war, and perhaps it is a sign of the times that the U.S., Britain and Canada have agreed on a standard screw thread (60-degree angle) for the three countries. Research is under way on "fatigue strength," etc., so that they may be able to persuade manufacturers to re-tool for the new thread. We have not yet heard whether this move will be interpreted as a "threatening gesture."

Evensong

Let cloud's arm move, distil
Every tangle of the will
And the early whippoorwill
Set an evening tolling bell

Across the mind's street-circled throng
The milling moods of right and wrong;
The swift retort, the plunging tongue
A slave the moment it is stung.

Let wind extend its soothing sound
Brushing the bough with mother hand
And there an untimed moment bend—
Arrested in a breathless land.

Dorothy Livesay



The Frame-Up of Labor

Editorial

► CANADA is heading into economic and social disruption, and those responsible are trying to fix the guilt on their chief victims, the working people. The convictions of striking workers for using their fists, while those who use firearms go free, are merely symbolic of a much larger plot against organized labor, for which the whole Canadian people will suffer.

It is necessary to recognize this clearly in order to understand the daily events. It is no use, for instance, to debate the laws under which picketers have been convicted—whether they need revision, or whether they are being properly interpreted by the courts. If unions were respected, if they rarely had to strike, and if when they did they were not faced with the hostility of governments, it is obvious that the law and its interpretation would not matter. Nor does it matter now. Strikers are not going to be treated fairly; the best laws and the wisest judges cannot change that fact. With that clear in our minds, we can save our strength and our thinking for the issues that count.

The Industrial Relations Committee of the House of Commons, after it had finished investigating the steel strike, published a ludicrously inadequate report. This report has not even the merit of being interesting. Of its seven recommendations, the first, proposing a Dominion-provincial labor conference to draft a national code, is perhaps sound but has no bearing on the steel dispute. The next five are simply footling. The committee comes out in favor of: "a reasonable measure of wage control;" "a measure of union security;" law as "the basis of our society;" a study of the law of picketing; and the empowering of the Minister of Labor to run a strike vote if one party asks him to and if he feels like it. The final recommendation, the feeble sting in the tail of this reluctant dragon, is that the controllers should implement the terms of the order-in-council which appointed them—"with," of course, "such modifications as the government may determine." In fact, in reviewing the contribution of the committee, we may ignore its report. It actually did two things: it appointed a mediator who failed, and it provided a public platform for the spokesmen of labor, the companies, and the government. This was the main achievement of the committee. Although, to judge from the report, most of the members failed to hear anything the witnesses said, the evidence given perhaps justified the committee's entering the picture. It will provide in the future an invaluable record of an important leading case.

The witnesses performed in character. Mr. Hilton was arrogant and silly, Mr. Mitchell was muddleheaded and self-righteous. The latter achieved new heights when asked why, having granted a fifteen-cent increase to the British Columbian loggers, he now claimed that any raise of more than ten cents an hour would be disastrous. First he blamed a gun which he said had been pointed at his head. When he was reminded that he had said kind words about the raise at the time, he fumbled. Later, he came up with the after-thought that it was justified by the seasonal nature of the industry. What difference that could make to the rate of increase per hour he did not explain. And when Mr. Burt of the UAW sent him a telegram asking how this affected the automobile workers, who have a shorter working year than the loggers, an underling answered that: "Mr. Mitchell does not desire to comment upon relative effects of seasonal employment on wage rates in different industries."

Mr. Millard and Mr. Conroy conducted themselves admirably. Though Mr. Millard has been criticized for reducing his demands, we judge that he knew what he was doing, and that he was anxious to put himself clearly in the position of the co-operative party in the dispute. It is significant that the criticisms have not come from his own union. Charles Millard has displayed statesmanlike qualities in this strike, and he deserves to have them recognized. As for Mr. Conroy, he has always shown himself a strong spokesman and a shrewd debater.

Mr. Mitchell subsided quickly into the back seat which is appropriate to him, and a far more important and able person, Mr. Donald Gordon, became for the public the spokesman of the government in the affair. It is not a welcome task to speak harshly of Donald Gordon. He earned his country's gratitude during the war for doing a job which was almost as successful as his cost-of-living index suggested. That does not excuse him now. He has deliberately and cynically given the public to understand that organized labor will be to blame if he fails to hold the line against inflation. He has implied that he will resign in despair if wages anywhere rise by more than ten cents an hour. This is preposterous. For months the unions (and this magazine) have been protesting loudly and persistently against a series of orders which have resulted in this: that virtually every staple consumer commodity produced in this country is fetching a higher price than it did at the end of the war. It is only since these increases were granted that the workers who actually produce the goods have asked for their share in them. They wish no increase in wages that will make prices rise higher. After prices have risen, they demand an increase in wages, for two reasons apart from simple justice. Firstly, they wish to keep their real wages level by increasing their dollar wages as the purchasing power of the dollar goes down. Secondly, they hope that once this policy is understood it will deter the companies from asking Donald Gordon to grant them price increases. It is surely not extravagantly partisan to suggest that this is a more practical and constructive way of fighting inflation than Mr. Gordon's, which is apparently to relax anti-inflation controls whenever he can. Mr. Gordon alleges that wages have risen more than prices. (If we use a 1939 base, that may well be true; for, as Mr. Hilton naively reminded us in his evidence, 1939 was a "good business year," with wages at depression levels.) But if this is so, and inflation has not come, how can Mr. Gordon state it as axiomatic that for wages to rise now when prices do will mean inflation? One of Mr. Gordon's favorite sayings is that he is labor's best friend. Organized labor can justly retaliate by claiming to be a more formidable enemy of inflation than the WPTB is.

But a wave of strikes, it will be said in reply, will not improve the ratio between production and purchasing power, but will mean worse chaos. Precisely. And we say without qualification that the strikes now in progress and threatening are directly caused by the owners of capital and by the government. This writer seems to have caused mild irritation in labor circles last month by saying that strikes on a national scale in basic industries should be avoided if possible. Our friends should have noticed the qualification "if possible." The steel strike was forced on the union. Mr. Mitchell called it, not Mr. Millard. And as the weeks pass and the same pattern appears in other industries, a situation equivalent to a general strike seems perilously close. If it happens, labor will not be the guilty party. Business and government have given the choice. Labor can accept a regime of soaring prices and stationary wages, which will result in the weakening of its organization and the steady degeneration of the vigorous new industrial economy which the working people have built. Or labor can accept the challenge of its enemies and risk a

showdown trial of strength. The choice is no choice at all. Unless the powers that be have a change of heart, the railways, the coal mines, the packing houses, and more will join the steel, rubber, and electrical industries in inactivity. By the time these words appear in print, the change of heart we hope for may have occurred. If not, disaster will be upon us. And the perpetrators of the crime will have prepared for it by fixing the blame beforehand on the wage-earners. By treating picketers as common criminals, by inventing a weird new economic doctrine, and by shamefully slandering the labor movement, they have implanted in the minds of the public outside the unions the conviction that ruffianly proletarians are causing all the troubles of the country. Labor has been framed, by a government which acts as accessory—before, during, and after the fact—to the real criminal, big business.

I. M. Owen

The Return to Economics

E. A. Beder

► SOON WE SHALL go back to economics. Not, of course, that we have been free of reference to the dismal science in the past few years. But these were war years and the economics that were under discussion had to do with financing the conflict and related matters. Now war loans, priorities and controls are on the way out; slowly and stubbornly to be sure, but the pace will quicken before long, and then we shall return to economics—the real thing.

We shall be back, that is to say, to the puzzlement, wonder and controversy regarding our economic system that were its distinguishing features in pre-war years, and the discussion will rage again as to why it refuses to function in a manner that will sustain the apostles of private enterprise and give sense to their arguments. We are on the way back, not to business as usual—it never was—but to the usual business: overproduction for the market.

In a few short years sturdy humanitarians will cry out for all to hear: How is it we cannot sell our wheat, or our hogs, or our shoes? Is every Indian well-fed, well-nourished, or well-shod? Is every Chinese, every Malayan, every Iraqi? And then more noisy and troublesome fellows, not humanitarians, but yclept politicians, will astound their neighbors by discovering that it is not only the heathen who languishes in vitamin deficiencies: the same thing is going on among the natives at home. Yes, in this Canada of ours, this blessed land, there are also people who lack the necessities of life, whilst the warehouses bulge with the very ingredients essential to their welfare.

Political groups will once more spring up, so overburdened with their message and munificence that the average man will have a hard time remembering their hyphenated or even truncated names, for his consciousness will be strained to the utmost to retain an outline of the promised monthly dividends, health and social services, old-age pensions, university careers for all children and free trips to the mountains for all families. Lucky indeed the political party that will be recalled even by its initials when elections get under way, for with atomic power will come the chain development of promises, and who knows how fissionable a promise can turn out to be? It is more than likely that political parties will return to an old device; they will come to be known by their colors, and men will simply identify their choice by voting Red or Blue or Black. The sovereign people have a way of simplifying such matters that intellectuals may well emulate.

But the storm will surely arise; and back of it, or at its epicentre, if you prefer, will be the once-more-revealed and stubborn fact that the economic system is out of kilter, that it has a changing but permanent imbalance, and that social security within its folds is simply impossible of attainment. Its central paradox, that it contracts even as it expands, will once more be manifest, for we shall see that the expansion in production that takes place is never enough to absorb the labor supply: to give full employment. Just now there are those who will snicker at such a suggestion. But world wars with their global disruptions and temporary shortages are not technically to be classified as the operations of a system of free enterprise, although they are the logical outcome of such operations.

In the meantime there are not a few myths and fallacies to be attacked and disproved, since these still cling to us as part of a new aftermath of war and make clarity and understanding still more difficult. There is first of all the fallacy that "all lose by war", that because the destruction is so immense this entails a loss for all of us. As a matter of fact, war provides the ideal condition for the functioning of capitalist enterprise. This despite the rationing, the controls, the shortages and the legal restraints. It is not a question that needs argument; just look at the balance sheets of our big industrial corporations. There is only one qualifying condition which must be set out in relating capitalist prosperity and war, and that of course is the insistence that no land invasion take place, or at least that no vast destruction occur on the home front. The physical plant must remain in condition to produce (it can be for the invader). Subject to this, all is well with the owners of the means of production; full production is assured as long as the drums of war continue to beat.

This is clearly evident in the immense rise of the national incomes of the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, all the neutrals, not to mention some of the countries that did suffer invasion. Prosperity overtook us as the war got well under way; the indices of production testify to that. There remains the question of the 'destruction', and how this applies to us. Admittedly the war caused immense damage, and it would be futile to argue that it was of benefit to most of Europe or Japan. But what I am dealing with is the plaint of those in Canada and the United States that somehow, in an economic sense, "the war made us all poorer."

Because we produced goods and then immediately blew them apart or had them sunk or destroyed in transit, we are supposed to have suffered a great loss. But under the conditions of production for profit, no such loss actually took place. Under the conditions of capitalist enterprise the exchange value of the destroyed goods was fully realized. That is to say, the producers of the raw materials, the owners of the plants that processed them, the workers in those plants, the bankers that financed them, the railways that hauled them, even the owners of the torpedoed ships that lost them, all got paid and well paid in the course of the productive circuit. The tank may have been sunk or blown apart, but all concerned in its manufacture were paid in full, and when the tank was lost the money in circuit for the production of that tank remained in the economy. This money, the exchange value of the tank, was fully realized in the course of production.

What then was lost? It was the use value of the tank, the use values of all the goods produced for war. The use value of an object is an entirely different thing from its exchange value. Use value is not measurable in money; it is measurable only in such abstract yardsticks as satisfaction. In terms of use value, of course, there was an

enormous loss in the satisfaction of what all those labor hours spent in war production might have provided for mankind; but this sort of measurement has nothing to do with a capitalist system which measures in terms of money; in fact, the system is completely hostile to such a form of measurement. Under the conditions of private enterprise, the faster use values are consumed, the better the market, the more ideal the situation. The ultimate desideratum of a profit system is the destruction of its product as soon as it leaves the production circuit; that is, as soon as it is sold and paid for. And war comes nearer to providing this economic heaven than any other condition that capitalism has developed. The billions spent on war remain within the system; the product is burned on the battlefield.

But if, as a result of war, the national income has risen, hasn't the national debt also risen, and in greater proportion? Quite so. No one is saying that war production is clear profit; it has to be paid for or serviced in so far as the debt and other burdens remain. But capitalism only offers a choice of relative discomforts. Were things in general better before the war, when our debt was comparatively small? Every one knows the answer. Canada before and after war, before and after its rise in national income and national debt, has most definitely gained by war. In terms of numbers employed, capacity to produce, per capita income and savings, it is absurd to say that "all lose by war". As for the human lives involved, the battlefield dead, the system has no place to weigh them. The economy recognizes only the exchange value of its products; war stimulates their production and facilitates their destruction. The dead are simply the victims of such a process.

If there remains any doubt about this distinction between exchange value and use value, and how capitalism must be concerned with the market rather than the use of its products, think for a moment of the whole situation created by the stock-piles and surplus assets that were spread all over the globe when the war ended. If it were a question of use or satisfaction, then the mere fact that there was about \$60 billion of goods left surplus in the possession of the United States and perhaps \$4 billion under Canada's ownership should have been a matter for national rejoicing, for it meant roughly \$400 worth of supplies awaiting every man, woman and child in both countries—no mean addition to the supply of "satisfactions" on the North American continent. But the exchange value of all these goods had already been realized; they had all been paid for. What remained was only their use value, which yields no profit to private enterprisers. Consequently War Assets Corporations were set up in both countries, not to spread the use of these goods, but to rid the market of them. Capitalists quite rightly and logically must organize for the destruction of potential threats to further profit-making, and their governments quite rightly undertake the stern if unpopular task of demolishing these barriers to new demand. It is only our well-intentioned liberals who are illogical in finding fault with such conduct and expecting the same governments to reverse their actions.

War has made this and many other countries richer because, leaving aside the blood and tears which are not relevant to economic discussion in our society, it provided a vaster and richer market than any peacetime period could attain. War solved the problem of the market, a problem which otherwise haunts the capitalist economy; but it could solve this problem only by destroying the main product.

This point has been overlooked to a great degree by many of the new crop of liberal soothsayers. Every writer on social and economic questions, it would appear, has noted the good effects of full production so evident on all sides; but

instead of putting the emphasis on the war itself, a great many observers appear to have transformed the war process into a social process: the credit for the full production and the rise in national income is given not to the demands of war but to the intervention of the state in the sphere of production. This factor is now emphasized on all sides. State intervention is regarded as the most important discovery of the war, in an economic sense—a new principle by which the difficulties of former capitalist epochs can now be circumvented, if not entirely eliminated. Men like Henry Wallace are peculiarly susceptible to this approach; they note the fact that the state provided a market for the product in war, and endorse enthusiastically new schemes by which the state can be active in production in peace. They overlook, however, the factor of consumption, the rate and manner in which goods can be consumed.

In peace, destruction of the product is not popular. It is sufficient to recall the squeals that rent the air when the baby pigs were ploughed under during the early Roosevelt regime. If the product is to be consumed rather than destroyed, then the old barrier between the profit economy and the social wellbeing still remains. The state may seek to produce or bonus production, but the private enterpriser is at once heard from. Sometimes rival segments in the profit economy come into conflict; the state's scheme may be beneficial to producers but inimical to the interest of the distributor, or the other way around; but always some part of the capitalist economy is touched with the inevitable repercussions.

In the area of public housing we see revealed the manifold contradictions and rivalries that attempted state intervention produces when it endeavors to superimpose upon a private enterprise system a public welfare objective. Immediately the schemes for the priority of materials and the provision of such necessities as zone planning are sabotaged and torn to bits by the private enterprisers who sense the danger and use any or all methods to destroy or delay the projected public housing; for all such schemes interfere with some private sector's market privileges, hence profit.

Peace is the reverse of war, and production for peace is the reverse of production for war. State aid is immensely profitable to the system and is widely welcomed, when it involves the destruction of the product; but let the state seek to aid in the production of goods so that their use can be extended in terms of mass satisfaction, and it immediately draws down upon it the wrath of the business community, for then it interferes with the workings of the market.

Again we have a good example in the give-away technique developed during the war and since continued. We have seen that the capitalist is jealous of state intervention in the market or profit area that he controls, and will do his best to circumvent state action in that area, but that if the product can be distributed through state assistance in some distant field where salesmen are unknown, or in a land that has no funds to pay for the goods, then all is changed once more. A great humanitarian urge surges up in the bosom of the entrepreneur. By all means help the people of Abyssinia, China, or even Britain! The next best thing to war destruction is shipping the stuff to a country where normally or abnormally no market exists, for the home economy is paid for the goods by state intervention, and that is quite all right. But the goods must not be paid for by the state and distributed at home, for that would be anarchy, not social welfare. Mr. Wallace was ridden particularly hard for his supposed intention of providing a bottle of milk free 'to every Hottentot'. This was not only a good quip, but it showed clearly how this whole question of state intervention for the public good must operate. The fact is that Mr. Wallace's

scheme could only have been acceptable as a means of distributing milk to the Hottentots or the present representatives of the Aztecs, for any attempt to distribute free milk nearer home, say in Buffalo or Kansas City—that is within an area of private native enterprise—would have led to riot and mayhem.

It was state intervention taking the form of destruction of the product which gave us our prosperity in war, not state intervention *per se*; and in peace you can't do the things you did in war. You can still give the goods away to distant lands, but the national debt and the taxpayers who service it limit the development of this technique. The form of state intervention which the war brought on offers no solution to the problems of peace, although many well-intentioned people have been duped into thinking so. The harsh fact is that a capitalist economy must seek an ever-widening market, and the state, which alone can provide such a market, is debarred from supplying it by the profit nature of the economy.

CCF Enters New Phase

Andrew Brewin

► THIRTEEN YEARS AGO at Regina, at the First National Convention of the CCF, a small group of men and women adopted a manifesto which has been described by Walter Nash of New Zealand as one of the finest political documents of our time. This manifesto declared that the evils of the present capitalist system, then glaringly apparent in the depths of a world-wide depression, could only be removed in a planned and socialised economy in which the natural resources and the principal means of production and distribution were owned, controlled and operated by the people. Further, that the social and economic transformation which was required could only be brought about by political action, through the election of a government inspired by the ideal of a co-operative commonwealth and supported by a majority of the people.

After thirteen short but eventful years another convention, this time of a powerful national party with representatives from every province in Canada, gathered at Regina to consider what was now required to carry into effect the task set out in the Regina Manifesto. The urgency of that task had in no way lessened. The wartime boom was being dissipated by unemployment, by strikes, and by threats of inflation. Labor standards were being forced down, and trade unionism was itself being attacked. The housing crisis had reached proportions which the convention justly described as a national emergency. The need for constitutional change and the reallocation of taxation powers had barely been faced and certainly not settled. Farmers were threatened in the not distant future with a return to the insecurity of the thirties. The world situation had been radically altered by the advent of a Labor Government in Britain, but the bankruptcy of capitalism had only been postponed by the stimulus of a world war. A return to the old instability, the old alternation of boom and depression, the old paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty, the old social unrest and glaring inequalities of wealth and opportunity, was just around the corner, if not back again already.

There was, however, much to encourage the delegates. The fact that Regina was itself the seat of the first CCF and social democratic government in North America was an inspiration to the delegates. Even more inspiring was the evidence on every hand that the first CCF government

in Canada was tackling with vigour and success, within the limitations of provincial jurisdiction, the problems that the CCF had been created to tackle. Farm security, labor legislation giving trade unions a full opportunity to take their part in an industrial democracy, free health services provided on an ever-larger scale, government insurance providing protection against risks not covered by private insurance companies or at a fraction of the cost, new publicly owned enterprises operating with increasing success—all could be observed in action as solid achievements, matched by the unprecedented financial stability of the province. The delegates were able to acclaim with sincere enthusiasm the fact that in two short years the CCF government of Saskatchewan had in every respect demonstrated its ability to govern in the interests of the people who elected it.

It would however be idle to pretend that the problems of government in a province, virtually a one-industry province, begin to match in their complexity the problems that would face a National CCF government whose advent to power within the next decade is made probable by the growing strength of the party, the amazing success of thirteen years' rapid advance, and the imminence of new capitalist failures.

A new and urgent task awaits the CCF. It must be ready to assume responsibility when the time comes. If it is not ready, the high hopes and genuine idealism which accounted for the formation of the CCF and have made it a great national party, and which were fully reflected in the convention, are bound to be disappointed.

It will no longer be good enough for the CCF to exhibit the virtues of an opposition group acting as the conscience of the Canadian parliament, goading reluctant governments into half-hearted social reforms, and giving expression, however eloquently, to the needs of farmers and workers in a parliament dominated by monopoly. The time will have arrived to move surely and firmly, by practical measures piloted through parliament, not only to stem the inevitable depression, but to lay a sure foundation for the social and economic transformation which the Regina Manifesto has so rightly proclaimed to be necessary if there is to be a new social order.

Experience in Britain emphasizes the necessity for laying down in advance and in outline, if not in detail, a rough legislative program. The two former Labor governments were both minority governments existing on the sufferance of anti-socialist majorities. Nevertheless the history of the thirties might have been different if the Labor party had had a bold legislative program to deal with the deepening depression and if, instead of the MacDonald "betrayal," the Government had courted defeat on a positive policy upon which it could go to the country.

Well before the recent general election the Labor party had prepared a definite legislative program which did not attempt to promise detailed results but indicated the extent of its plans for immediate socialisation. The Bank of England, coal, iron and steel, transportation, gas and electricity were on the list. No less an authority than Herbert Morrison has said that this definite program was one of the keys to electoral success. The last year has seen the Labor government enacting these promises into legislation. But no one who has knowledge of the strain of the first year upon the government, parliament and civil service can possibly complain that too little has been attempted and indeed criticism has been all the other way. A Socialist government is faced with the necessity of justifying its socialisation by results which are dependent not only on careful planning in advance, but also upon skilled management and the full co-operation of labor. Coal indeed has become in Britain the key to industrial recovery and the battle to abolish unem-

ployment. Mr. Shinwell has said that the government, notwithstanding all that had been done by way of research before the election, has been handicapped by lack of detailed research and specific plans. The uncertainty that still hangs over the government's plans for iron and steel indicates the necessity of grappling with many technical problems before socialisation can be carried out efficiently; and socialisation will, of course, be judged by its fruits, that is by its efficiency.

It is in the light of this growing fund of practical experience that the CCF must face the future responsibility of government. The Montreal National Convention in 1944 set out, in the Victory and Reconstruction Manifesto, a long series of proposed policies, sometimes in the vaguest of terms. Social ownership was to be extended to "monopolies and industries which operated to the public detriment." Debate took place as to the adequacy of this formula, but little or no attempt was made to define what were monopolies, what industries did operate to the public detriment and what sort of legislative timetable should be envisaged. A list of Canadian industries that are monopolies or quasi-monopolies is indeed formidable—nickel, aluminum, cement, packing, farm implements, automobiles, spring at once to mind as illustrations only. Other key industries which might be high on the program for socialisation are steel, coal and oil, breweries and distilleries. Each represents a complex problem for legislation and management, and all could not be dealt with at once. Intensive research and preparation of plans for operation under social ownership would be required. The machinery for fixing compensation is no simple affair. In short, a resolution or even an academic treatise as to the desirability of socialising industries generally, or even certain groups of industries, is no substitute for definite plans for the operation of particular socialised industries.

The 1946 Regina Convention recognized the necessity for careful and intensive work along these lines. It referred to the National Council, for action, the appointment of a National Research Committee, and by resolution laid down, in general terms, one of the main tasks of this Committee. This was to prepare, with the assistance of the newly appointed Secretary of National Research, for submission to the National Council and, after consideration by it, to the next National Convention, a rough outline of a legislative program for the first term of a CCF parliament. Special attention was to be given to a timetable for legislative action, which might include: (1) socialisation of key industries, with at least suggested priorities, (2) necessary amendments to the British North America Act, (3) public investment policies (which surely must not be despised if unemployment is to be rapidly overcome), (4) a national labor code, (5) farm marketing legislation, (6) social security.

The committee was instructed to set about intensive research to secure the information necessary to carry out the contemplated legislative program.

Other resolutions passed by the convention indicated a similar line of thought. Every member of the CCF in every province is now to pay a national membership fee which would enable a bulletin from the national office, dealing with national policies, to be sent to every member across Canada.

Insurance was the subject of a resolution which in effect required specific CCF policies to deal with present exploitation and inefficiencies. When old age pensions were discussed, the convention refused to adopt alluring slogans, such as \$60 at sixty, as a substitute for a real policy of improvement to be fitted into the circumstances applicable at the time of enactment.

All in all, the convention recognized that a new phase in the developing maturity of the CCF had arrived. There was no receding from the fundamental propositions of the Regina Manifesto. There was, however, a determination to use the next few years to fit general principles into the exigencies of a timetable and of the complexities of the practical application of those principles.

These next few years will require the whole-hearted support of a well-informed and realistic membership in this task. It will require the enlistment of expert knowledge from men and women of goodwill who are not now members of the CCF. It will require that the CCF in ever increasing measure add to its high idealism a practical wisdom and "know-how" in actual administration. It will require a mature membership which will recognize that the election of a CCF government at Ottawa will not usher in the millennium, but will enable, if good sense is added to goodwill, a far-reaching process of reconstruction of our economic institutions to be undertaken, which will make Canada a happier place for Canadians to live in and will contribute to a happier world.

Poem

You paused just there
Tossing your easy laughter
Like a coin to catch;
And where your face gave warmth to shadow
The picture frames
Are squares hung on an empty wall,
And all the house is closed and dumb.
This sadness that I feel,
I own, but cannot name;
The stair is a silent arc from a broken circle
And the time has passed for mending.

A. E. Robertson

Afternoon by the Yamaska

(Quebec Pastoral)

There is no strange note in the blackbird's trilling,
Nothing new in the thrasher's song;
The redwing holds the same priority when June comes
In Saskatchewan . . . the thrasher
In a tall poplar sings as long.
(The lean man of business sees only
A tourist's wonder—to range
The countryside—up from cushioned chairs
For sun-warmed rocks and sand!
Tune out the newest doctrine, ism, and nations' fears
For the Yamaska
Riding its ridges of slate.)

I catch the small sound of birch leaves
And aspen leaves—cry of a sandpiper—
Then the triumphant trill
Of redwings, in arrogant ownership of the hill.
No need of television here to see
Effortless grace as swallows pattern the sky . . .
A blowsy butterfly in taffeta yellow and brown
Staggers away . . . and a dragonfly zooms to a landing
Top-heavily at the shore.
Blossoming chokecherries come pungently on the breeze
And wild strawberries hide white faces in the grass
That travels lush and rank, nudging stones to the water's
line.

Oh to bottle an hour of it
Sky, sun and rock-ribbed, articulate stream!

Amelia Wensley.

The Deepening Crisis in Civil Liberties

Donald C. MacDonald

► AT NO TIME in Canadian history has there been greater need for clear thought on the fundamental issue of civil liberties.

To the long-standing question of the rights of Canadian citizens of Japanese descent has been added the more dramatic issue of Government procedure with regard to the spy suspects. But these major instances, topping the hundreds of individual violations of civil liberties which occur in the normal run of events, represent only the running sores on the body of Canadian civil liberties. Beneath the surface, there is a dread disease, compounded of complacency, profound confusion of thought, and a growing willingness to prostitute the cause of civil liberties for the advancement of political ends.

The charge has long been levelled at Canadian Communists that they exploit civil liberties while appearing to champion them. To the extent that Canadian Communists are willing to throw overboard the priceless heritage of our political democracy while fighting for economic democracy, the charge is valid. But at this very point the confusion begins, and for the following reason.

For the past decade or so, the fight for civil liberties has fallen increasingly to those who are politically left of centre. (On the Japanese issue, for example, the CCF has been the only political party taking a militant stand in defense of the rights of these Canadian citizens.) This has been due in part to the fact that some of the most flagrant violations of civil liberties, e.g., the Quebec Padlock Act, have been directed at the Left. Naturally the Left has organized to fight back. As a result many organizations established to safeguard civil liberties have come to be regarded as dominated by Communists. While this may be true in a few instances, generally these bodies are led by people of democratic principle. Because they hold progressive views, these people find themselves indiscriminately classified as Communists by conservatives who stand so far to the Right that as they look across the political spectrum they cannot discern any shading in the crimson blur beyond Centre.

Because civil liberties have mistakenly and vaguely become identified with the Left in the public mind, those of conservative outlook have become increasingly insensitive to the need for their protection. To an alarming degree, Canadians have acquiesced in the repeated abrogation of civil rights for the same reasons that eventually destroyed personal freedom over most of Europe. (According to a Gallup Poll, only 16% of Canadians object to Government procedure in the spy cases.) As a people, we have shown a willingness to countenance shocking violations of civil liberties just because we have no particular love, racially or politically, for those who are victimized at the moment.

But the crisis in civil liberties is deepening because from a phase of negative complacency—whatever the reasons for its existence—we are now moving into a positive confusion of fundamental issues. Today the charge that civil liberties are being exploited under the appearance of being championed can be most validly levelled at another group—conservatives (with a small 'c'). For conservatives are now revealing themselves as willing, in varying degree, to misread the funda-

mental issues faced by man today, and to wave the flag of civil liberties in the cause of their own political tenets.

The most striking instance of conservatives' partisan attitude to civil liberties is to be found in the traditional Canadian exponent of conservatism, the *Montreal Gazette*. This newspaper was soon willing to forego its customary criticism of a Liberal Government that it might upbraid the Opposition for "raising legalistic objection" to the former's procedure in the spy cases. Opposition action was described as "untimely constitutional pedantry." But significant evidence of the conservative willingness to misuse the cause of civil liberties can be found elsewhere.

Consider the much-quoted article of Mr. R. M. Willes Chitty, editor of the *Fortnightly Law Journal*, as reprinted in *Saturday Night* (March 23, 1946). The article was accurately styled a "vehement denunciation of the growth of anti-democratic practices by Canadian Governments," resulting in the unheeded growth of totalitarianism in Canada. I have no quarrel with its strong case against the Government on the spy procedure. But Mr. Chitty goes further. He attributes the growth of anti-democratic practice to public apathy. He sees complacency in the public's failure to be alarmed "by the whitewash commissions over the Bren Gun scandal and over the Hong Kong tragedy."

Now, neither of these commissions had anything to do with civil liberties. Both of them grew out of Tory political campaigns against the Liberal Government. If Mr. Chitty's first concern were for civil liberties, if he wanted to avoid suspicion of ulterior motives, he should have picked examples that are not steeped in Progressive Conservative overtones. But since he was dealing with royal commissions born of political controversy, why did he not mention the LeBel Commission which investigated CCF Leader Jolliffe's Gestapo charges? This commission dealt very much with the cause of civil liberties, on which behalf Mr. Chitty was arguing. And its report was as much a whitewash as the Bren Gun or Hong Kong reports, though with different implications.

So much for that aspect of Mr. Chitty's statement. But his article carries us further, and exhibits a profound confusion of fundamental issues. He sums up his argument thus: "It remained for Ottawa after six years of bureaucratic orgy ultimately to pass beyond the pale of mere bureaucracy and adopt the final role of dictatorship by tearing up the most venerated document in the proud history of the British people."

Analyze that statement, and it becomes evident that a trend toward a greater direction of the nation's economy—which Mr. Chitty chooses to call "six years of bureaucratic orgy"—is given an illogical tie-up with the government's ill-conceived procedures in the spy cases, which have nothing to do with economic matters.

Where Mr. Chitty leaves off, other conservatives carry on. The *Globe and Mail*, reprinting Mr. Chitty's article, further developed the argument editorially. It is now the conservative "line" to contend that Ottawa's violation of civil liberties in the espionage cases is the final demonstration of the Government's sinister progress toward establishing a bureaucratic control of Canada's economic life. In other words, this newfound conservative interest in civil liberties smacks of the disingenuous. The past record of the Progressive Conservative Party in this connection has never been convincing; and currently, while one section of it is clamoring for a guarantee of civil liberties as a result of the spy procedure, another section is vehemently espousing abrogation of civil liberties in the case of our Japanese Canadians. Such inconsistency strongly suggests that the Tory interest in civil liberties is

basically an economic interest, repeating a determination to block, if possible, the advance toward a planned direction of our economy.

The Canadian government, like most modern governments, has become increasingly socialistic in its legislation, though the government would be the first to claim that it is yielding as slowly as possible to this worldwide tendency. Conservatives are unalterably opposed to this movement of the times. Thus they have come to argue that inherent in the government's partial control and direction of the economic life of the nation is an inevitable violation of civil liberties, final proof that we are on the road to dictatorship.

This deliberate confusion of fundamental issues must be clarified. In arguing as he does, the conservative ignores contemporary history. To state the case positively: there is no violation of civil liberties inherent in the democratic control and direction of the economic life of the nation. If there were, then civil liberties would now be disappearing in Britain, Australia, New Zealand, the Scandinavian countries—everywhere that democratic socialist parties have been elected. Then the conservative's argument (which rightly extols the excellence of British justice) should conclude with the lament that British justice is now being destroyed in the land of its birth. That, as the *Montreal Star* put it, in effect, the day after Labor's election in Britain: "it's too bad that the British people have forsaken British traditions." An argument the British people will find it hard to follow!

The contention of the conservative can be thus summarized: socialism and civil liberties are incompatible. From that premise certain conclusions follow, conclusions now being baldly advanced despite their obvious conflict with facts. They are being advanced, for instance, by one who is regarded as perhaps the most influential champion of civil liberties in Canada, B. K. Sandwell, Editor-in-Chief of *Saturday Night*.

Under the heading, "A Tragic Error," on May 18, 1946, *Saturday Night* said editorially: "The Liberal Party, which should properly be the chief guardian of the rights of the individual, will for years to come be hamstrung in that capacity by this [the spy case procedure] and other incidents in its postwar record. The conservative party, which is not unanimous on the subject and has no convincing record upon it, has taken over the guardianship for the time being, assisted by the CCF which can never really respect individual rights and liberties except when they do not happen to conflict with Socialism." (*My italics*).

I addressed a letter to the Editor of *Saturday Night* and asked on what evidence such a categorial statement was based. This letter was not published though I received a reply from Mr. Sandwell in which he stated that he "suspected" a considerable element in the CCF would champion civil liberties only when in opposition.

I wrote again to Mr. Sandwell, and pointed out that suspicion, to be justified, requires at least some evidence. Where was it? Were civil liberties not respected in Saskatchewan after two years of CCF government and elsewhere under democratic socialist governments? That letter was neither published nor answered.

If Canadians wish to glimpse the trouble that lies ahead in trying to encourage clear thinking on the vital issue of civil liberties, consider the implications of Mr. Sandwell's stand. The foremost Canadian champion of civil liberties approaches the evolving organic development of those liberties, in this 20th century, from the premise that socialism—democratic socialism—will destroy them!

But let us return from Mr. Sandwell to the general position of the conservative: the whole question of civil

liberties is approached on the assumption (stated or otherwise) that this precious heritage is purely political in its nature and evolution. The achievement began with Magna Carta; in the 19th century the struggle was finally won, and the completed body of doctrine was set on the doorstep of the 20th century for the benefit of posterity. But this argument ignores the fact that civil liberties—like democracy—have economic as well as political aspects. The battle on the political side may be for the most part won; henceforth our main task will be to guard its achievements with that eternal vigilance which is the price of freedom. But on the economic side the battle is still under way. Civil liberties represent an organic development which will go on as long as man fights for that full democracy, economic as well as political, which is his right and privilege. As the fruits of that continuing struggle mature, they are preserved in the law of the land.

Let me put it in more specific terms. Speaking in the Chateau Laurier before the initial meeting of the newly-organized Ottawa Civil Liberties Association, Senator Arthur Roebuck concluded a brilliantly compact survey of the development of civil liberties with these remarks:

"There still remains another Civil Liberty, which is frequently overlooked in this connection. It is economic freedom, the right of the ownership of oneself, and in consequence, the products of one's labor. In other words, not to be enslaved, robbed or oppressed by any other person or combination of persons, including the government and its agents. Under this heading is the right to strike, to combine in unions, and to picket in varying force and numbers.

"Economic freedom in its broadest aspect," added Senator Roebuck, "is still to be obtained. By that I mean the right to retain the full value of one's labors, and to prevent the acquiring of wealth by anyone without giving an adequate consideration in return."

That, to my mind, is an accurate statement of the stage which we have reached in the achievement—quite apart from the continuous safeguarding—of full civil liberties.

But in order to achieve "economic freedom in its broadest aspect," countries with a tradition of political democracy are turning to socialism—to democratic socialism, which merges socialism with their tradition of democracy. No one will deny that in that process there is not some danger to the civil rights of the individual. But as long as socialist parties are dedicated to that democratic process, there is a check upon the danger. No one will deny, either, that there are inherent in a democratic socialist society forces which would destroy civil liberties; but that is true of every free society, whatever the basic principles of its economic organization. Having noted that danger, and reaffirmed the maintenance of the democratic process which provides the means for coping with it, the cry of the conservative becomes a counsel of despair. To argue that socialism and civil liberties are incompatible is to become a prophet of gloom in an age when the world is rapidly going socialist. Wittingly or unwittingly, those who share in that point of view would attempt to hold society from moving forward for fear of what its new forms will mean, ignoring the fact that if it doesn't move forward, it cannot remain static, and will develop fascist tendencies which have proven to be destructive of civil liberties. The conservative becomes a defeatist whose cry is belied by current history in a growing number of countries where the working out of the principles of democratic socialism comprises the 20th century chapter in man's unbroken struggle for full freedom.

Mankind is faced today with two fundamental decisions. The one—a decision between capitalism and socialism—is already answered by a great part of the world, including practically all Europe; the North American continent, behind the times, is still wrestling with it. The other is an equally important decision—what kind of socialism? Will it be totalitarian or democratic? For if it is democratic, then with the normal vigilance of a free people, there will be no loss of civil liberties.

But in Canada, where any degree of socialism or planned economy, even when introduced by the will of the people freely expressed, is regarded by conservatives as a step on the road to serfdom, the crisis in civil liberties is grave. This is particularly true because conservatism is not the exclusive outlook of any one party. It is shared by at least two opposition parties—Progressive Conservatives and Social Credit—and by a large section of the Liberal Party.

Indeed, having stated what I believe to be the case against the conservative, it must be admitted that there is validity in his claim that inherent in the government's program of the last six years is a threat to civil liberties. But it is not, as the conservative believes, to be found in the mere existence of control and direction of economic life, but in the fact that control and direction is not democratic. That such control and direction will involve an enlarged civil service—a bureaucracy, if you will—is regrettable, but unavoidable; and to concentrate unduly on the growth of bureaucracy is to miss the real issue: that the direction of that bureaucracy must lie with representatives of all economic groups in the nation. Such has not been the case during the war-time development. To the extent that the government has bowed to the necessity of a planned economy, it has introduced state socialism, not democratic socialism. Its socialism has come from the top down, not from the bottom up. Until all groups in the economy—labor, farmer, consumer, etc., as well as business—share in its direction, it will not be fully democratic.

But Canadians, along with Americans, are a step behind the rest of the world in working out the 20th century principles by which man can achieve full freedom. As a people we are still concentrating on the struggle of capitalism versus socialism when the real battle is how to keep socialism democratic—the socialism which is even now being introduced, and which will inevitably grow in scope. The fact that Canadians haven't got their eyes on the real battle leaves the way open for the unheeded introduction of totalitarian methods.

Education for Peace

Nora McCullough

► THE BIG GROUP of English-speaking peoples dominant at this moment in world affairs has a colossal responsibility, the re-education of a world for peace. Balanced economy and distribution must go hand in hand with knowledge, a deep appreciation of knowledge, both as a force and as a way of life in developing a true civilization. Education of a kind is general, but real knowledge of our own society and how to take part in it, and of the great world vibrating on every horizon, is woefully lacking.

Adult education leaders would harness all the available implements in accelerating the spread of knowledge, the use of labor forums, farm forums, the radio, the cinema, the national theatre, the travelling library, churches, civic and

rural community centres, Y's, social services and service clubs. The list of such means of approach is long. Each is valuable and, urgently activated, would have significant bearing on the problem.

But before the adult comes into the picture, we have the child to consider and how he should be educated. After the last war, the anti-war thinkers were as convinced as we are today that war is a shockingly wasteful and useless way of achieving an end. Yet the fact remains that those engaged in the murderous destruction of World War II were the children who grew up in the midst of the war-sickened previous generation. The same selling devices were used and proved as effective as in 1914: appeals to succor the helpless, or amongst the Nazis, to overthrow the oppressor which is simply a variation of the first technique. It is highly significant that the countries where the *children* were deliberately taught to be belligerent were those which proved the most formidable enemies in the recent war. Our own fate tottered and was only balanced at the 11th hour after too many bitter sacrificial years against such efficiently, trained-from-childhood foes. Our survival is also relevant to Russia's inspired strength, an army which had had the ideal of communal service deeply instilled from childhood.

Scrutinizing war propaganda more closely it is discovered that the effective call to battle has been to man's better nature, the symbolism of St. George slaying the dragon. The cry for help, though it may ring hollow, seems to have an irresistible appeal in arousing a sentimental rather than a realistic response. It goes without saying that the educational aims of the Nazis and Fascists are abhorrent. However, we need to recognize the fact that their educational methods had a purpose, a powerful and insistent direction toward shaping a particular kind of individual, that very effectively served their ultimate ends. This process took a remarkably short time, less than a generation.

Youth, therefore, is readily teachable and if for a wrong motive why not for a right? Does our education in the world of English-speaking peoples provide an education which is capable of forming individuals in harmony with and part of society? Does education lack the fundamental principle of teaching youth to think for itself, to cope in full capacity with the problems of organizing a properly functioning society? Does our schooling provide for the growth of the imagination, the development of sensibilities? We can say with surety that the present educational systems do achieve the instilling of the principle of competition, a destructive principle. Games are a healthy and desirable outlet for youthful energies, but the trend is highly competitive and frequently leads to sport based on purely materialistic standards. High marks win praise at school rather than genuine intellectual growth. Certificates gained are bludgeons for use by each one in the economic struggle. All skills attained give youth a graded economic and social superiority over the less well equipped or the unfortunate. Rare are the few whose stout individuality serves them protectively against this "educational" process. The competitive race in the mass increases in intensity toward an international competition for world power. The cunning and unscrupulous exploit this tendency, as in the fascist countries. And our own schools provide an excellent complement, youth ripe for the excitement of a competitive struggle, a merely literate group susceptible to propaganda, bored, incurious, socially irresponsible, passive to leadership and gullible-minded, with no clear aims or ideals for building a stable, civilized world. If this seems questionable, how else can our increasing predicament of the late 30's, when we were caught napping and bewildered by the issues, be explained?

Youth is teachable and youth itself shows us many ways in which education can be creatively effective in terms of a rich, deep humanity. Focussing upon everyday activity amongst children, one is provided with most useful data in evaluating ways and means of presenting education to them in readily assimilable forms. Take the success of any local suburban movie theatre, as typical a landmark as the corner drug-store. The cinema evidently provides attractions incomparable to those of school and reveals many of education's weaknesses. According to the age, children find at the movies a fast pace in romantic adventure, a synthetic interpretation of human relationships, a no-expense-spared lavishness that elevates from drab reality to gilded fantasy. It is a commonplace to see little boys of four or five, who should be in nursery school, emulating gangster war amongst the lilacs or from behind the vacant-lot billboards. Young girls avidly follow the glamorous fashions of the stars. The most popular reading is the comic strip, a cheaper, readier form of cinema. In most of these two forms of fiction everything turns out well in the end. So we can expect to have young lads convicted of real shootings seemingly unaware of the immensity of their deed, experimental hangings in barns by innocents of around ten years. Youngsters revel in this cinema-created world of fantasy. Facing actuality is too utterly dull. As adults they are quite unprepared for coping with vital problems. Each season sees more and more silly girls aspiring to the enviable position of beauty queen. There is a mounting tide of broken marriages.

Education could also use the film, really use it, in an intensive program to step up the tempo and quality of schooling. Years spent in drudgery for both teacher and child could be better employed with this rapid visual form of teaching. The adventure of discovery in the sciences, such as biology and natural history, the romance of social studies and history, would adapt well to the medium of film. If adolescents require outlets in fantasy as they seem to do, a broad course in dramatic art has enormous possibilities. From costuming and carpentry to music and dancing, craftsmanship of all kinds where the hands are employed, literature and history, the use of good books and regard for good speech, financing and business details, would all have a place in such a program. More than this, co-operation and discrimination would inevitably be part of character development. Such a program should aim to surpass in interest the vicarious humbug of cheap commercial cinema and could do so. And the time for such things could easily be found if the film technique of teaching was used to replace the existing long-drawn-out routine.

Another most important fact that has been learned from children is the universality of creativeness in every young human being. To one who has seen exhibitions of Child Art from as far back as 1927 Austrian post-war expression, followed a few years later by an international show from almost every national group, this was clearly demonstrated. Moreover, educationists have discovered from child expression that there are definite universal forms and symbols therein, a common language. Children enter the world with a similar emotional and intellectual make-up, in varying degrees. They have an even start and should have equal opportunity to do the best possible with their inherent capacities.

My experience with the Bantu, native of South Africa, leads me to believe that native children would create in ways similar to the European, were the same materials available. With those things they have at hand, clay, grasses, reeds, beads and wood, they are naturally adept. It may not seem at all desirable to impose a technique un-

familiar to them, but the Bantu cultures are rapidly disintegrating under the impact of the white advances into Africa. The missionary introduced schooling, and governments continue the process, both in the same old ways which are now held in question. More and more Bantu reach out for schooling as it seems the golden key to a better economic level. This process will take some time but there is the strong possibility that there will come into existence a huge literate racial group, smarting under a sense of injustice, who have been fed on the same stale morsels of our educational methods. What a menace indeed to any thought of world peace when are added to this example the parallels, the Asiatic and Indian peoples, likewise achieving a maturity based on outmoded educational precepts and bitterly hating the whites!

A recent issue of *Time* intimated that John Dewey was largely responsible for the "progressive" education in the schools of the United States, with an additional comment questioning the value of progressive education. Dewey's educational philosophy is in no need of defense but it is extremely doubtful if more than an infinitesimal percentage of American schools have used his teaching precepts or have been financially able to put them into practice. Vast, not paltry sums are required to provide an adequate education, to train good teachers, to recompense them for years of dreary service in caring for the community's most precious asset.

Our schools throughout this world of English-speaking peoples are using methods and educational principles that may have served well enough in the last century but have failed us in this. Education officials are notoriously conservative, unwilling to believe that their accepted philosophy is now inadequate. As they were taught, so do they teach and a finger of reproach stiffens their reaction to change. The politicians who supposedly represent our interests balk over the financial responsibility of subsidizing public nursery schools, an absolute *must* in education today. But the backers of an inventor of an amazing flying machine can spend dizzy millions on the invention as a potential weapon, a whole city can have its power lines moved, its daily activities halted to make way for the wonder. How incredible that our sense of values can be so distorted! Revolutionary changes are needed to bring sense and order into our way of thinking. Only in England so far does one see any sign of an impressive large-scale move being made. The dangers lie in superimposing, patchwork and compromise. The word revision in itself is revealing, the usual way of reconsidering curricula. The obstacles are ignorance of the richness offered in a creative way of life coupled with the competitive attitude, both deeply rooted in economic evils. Education of the uninformed adult in every walk of life and by every means is an urgent necessity. But of primary importance is creative education for the unformed child. This child has shown himself to be naturally creative, eager to learn, responsive to the visual message and to the humanistic appeal. The child reaches out in all directions to participate in life, only to be rapped back into passivity, denied real knowledge, by our existing school methods.

The world of English-speaking peoples must immediately call upon the vision and energies of intellectual leaders, men of Dewey's stamp. Education must be given heavy financial backing to achieve as its highest aim the shaping of both adults and children capable of building and maintaining a world of peace which offers to everyone a full, satisfying way of life. The double-edged blade against the war dragon, and it is no myth, is adult education and child education brightly burnished with creative ideals.

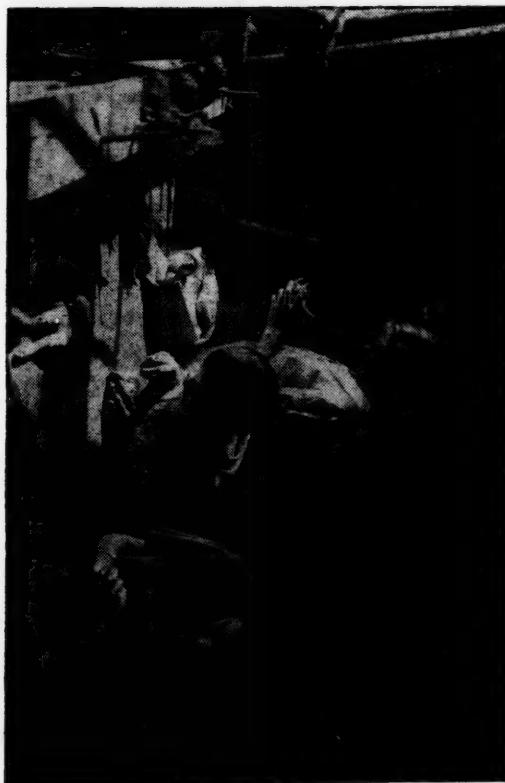
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Creative Education



Three Poems by A. M. Klein

Political Meeting

On the school platform, draping the folding seats,
they wait the chairman's praise and glass of water.
Upon the wall the agonized Y initials their faith.

Here all are laic; the skirted brothers have gone.
Still, their equivocal absence is felt, like a breeze
that gives curtains the sounds of surprises.

The hall is yellow with light, and jocular;
suddenly someone lets loose upon the air
the ritual bird which the crowd in snares of singing
catches and plucks, throat, wings, and little limbs.
Fall the feathers of sound, like *alouette's*.
The chairman, now, is charming, full of asides and wit,
building his orators, and chipping off
the heckling gargoyle popping in the hall.
(Outside, in the dark, the street is body-tall,
flowered with faces, intent on the scarecrow thing
that shouts to thousands the echoing
of their own wishes.) The Orator has risen!

Worshipped and loved, their favorite visitor,
a country uncle with sunflower seeds in his pockets,
full of wonderful moods, tricks, imitative talk,

he is their idol: like themselves, not handsome,
not snobbish, not of the Grande Allee! *Un homme!*
Intimate, informal, he makes bear's compliments

to the ladies, is gallant, and grins;
goes for the balloon, his opposition, with pins;
jokes also on himself, speaks of himself

in the third person, slings slang, and winks with folklore,
and knows now that he has them, kith and kin.
Calmly, therefore, he begins to speak of war,

praises the virtue of being Canadian,
of being at peace, of faith, of family,
and suddenly his other voice: *Where are your sons?*

He is tearful, choking tears; but not he
would blame the clever English; in their place
he'd do the same; maybe.

Where are your sons?

The whole street wears one face,
grave, wordless, grim, and in the darkness rises
the body-odor of race.

Doctor Drummond

It is to be wondered whether he ever really
saw them, whether he knew them more than type,
whether, in fact, his occupational fun—
the doctor hearty over his opened grip—
did not confuse him into deducing
his patients' health and Irish from his own.

Certainly from his gay case-histories
that now
for two-tongued get-togethers are eloquenial,
one would never have recognized his clientele.

Consider this patrician patronizing the *patois*,
consider his *habitants*, the homespun of their minds and
motives,
and you will see them as he saw them—as *white* natives,

characters out of comical Quebec,
of speech neither Briton nor Breton, a fable folk,
a second class of aborigines,
docile, domesticate, very good employees,
so meek that even their sadness
made dialect for a joke.

One can well imagine the doctor,
in club, in parlor, or in smoking car,
building out of his practice a reputation
as raconteur.

But the true pulsing of their blood
his beat ignores,
and of the temperature of their days, the chills
of their despairs, the fevers of their faith,
his mercury is silent.

The White Old Lady

The panic jangles repeated themselves every year.
The neighbors, clutching the black cup, whispered *Police!*
The Cote des Neiges place again! Lights come on, lights
go off!

She is here!

And every evening the sergeant, wearily: Police.
And heard: She is standing at all of the windows at once.
She is pulling down white blinds, but we see her shadow.
Monstrosities

go on in that house. The sergeant takes evidence.
Report: Someone anaemic is going whitely mad.
Ditto: That dwelling is a smuggling place for lepers,
A cache for diamonds.

A smoke-filled den. Seek there your missing and dead—
muffled by linens, cased in the white plaster wall.
Visitors, we know, have come unseen, and there's vice
that can't be said.

But every time the police came, stepped into the hall,
there was only a white old lady, frail, like powder,
with a pleasant smile, living alone, and no one
else at all.

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Writing in Canada

Samuel Roddan

► WITH the exception of work by, say, Frederick Philip Grove, it is very seldom that one comes across a novel by a Canadian writer that is in any sense an honest examination of the life of our time. Years ago, writers and publishers alike discovered Canadians do not take kindly to "untouched photographs" and much prefer the tinted, flattering little study or, as one writer has put it, "gentle subjective musings of poetesses and their male counterparts . . . quiet dallings in historical backwaters." As a result our literature is cluttered with sentimentality, and many honest Canadian craftsmen have been forced into other mediums of expression and often into more appreciative climates.

The National Film Board and the CBC, for instance, have absorbed a great many excellent artists and writers, and there a considerable amount of real talent has been able to function with some degree of effectiveness and satisfaction. But unfortunately the radio, and to a lesser extent the film, are transitory vehicles of expression and involve techniques whose very nature does not permit a searching or sustained examination of Canadian life.

In radio, "Stage 46" has completed another successful year, but not without having to face unnecessary opposition and a vast amount of indifference. *Reading*, however, a Canadian literary magazine (Lister Sinclair, Editor), folded up after two issues through lack of subscriptions. This magazine contained writing of exceptional promise and was making a brave attempt to cut through dishonest feeling and emotional slush with a vigor and honesty both refreshing and encouraging. But since it probably contained just a little too much imagination and integrity for the bustling Canadian, it was left on the newsstands to be smothered out by picture magazines and weedy digests.

Reading is but one instance of our disapproval and neglect. In the whole field of art, literature, even politics, it is not hard to find innumerable examples of the deeply rooted suspicion and apathy with which the average Canadian views any unorthodox or exciting treatment of an idea.

Canadian writing, of course, does face special difficulties. Language barriers, a thin and scattered population, mass excitements, "tradition," the radio, the film, "poetry societies" and the flood of popular American culture on our newsstands and in our "book stores" are all very real problems to a Canadian writer. But resting beneath all this is an internal and self-perpetuating resistance toward honest imaginative writing which seems much more virulent and even more unique in Canada than in countries with, for example, a much lower standard of education and literacy.

To define and label the peculiar quality of this resistance is not easy. It is much more pervasive than simply an "indifference." In fact, it not only reinforces the popular indifference which is always a universal problem for a serious artist, but more seriously, it is the type of destructive resistance bent on depreciating and limiting the personal and creative freedom of the artist himself. Our society is still too amorphous and difficult to reduce to that quality of order within which one can safely generalize, but Professor E. K. Brown in his admirable book *Canadian Poetry* touches on our puritanical and colonial immaturity which, in many ways, is one of the great stumbling blocks facing the creative Canadian writer. Speaking of this stultifying influence he says, "A colony lacks the spiritual energy to rise above routine . . . it lacks this energy because it does not ade-

quately believe in itself. It applies to what it has standards which are imported, and therefore artificial and distorting. It sets the great good place not in its present, nor in its past, nor in its future, but somewhere outside its own borders, somewhere beyond its own possibilities."

If any single factor could be singled out which is creating unnecessary opposition to the artist, colonial puritanism would rank high on the list. However it must be made clear that the real tragedy inherent in this type of social immaturity is not just the insistence on a high degree of conventional orthodoxy in our writing and the avoidance of the profane idea but rather that any form of aesthetic work is viewed (by the average Canadian) at best, as entertainment, and at its worst, as a menace to morality. The Canadian puritan has always stubbornly refused to believe that a creative presentation of the inner reality of his life can contain any personal or social value. And moreover, since he has avoided like poison any type of intellectual abstraction, he feels untrained and always uneasy in the presence of ideas. His conscience is much better equipped to cope with simple reality in terms of a sex adventure or a bottle of rye than for instance, with Edmund Wilson's "Memoirs of Hecate County."

Windmill attacks on Canadian puritanism and immaturity, like some sermons, are highly unproductive and a waste of time, but if on the other hand, the source and inner strength of its curious perpetuation in our society be correctly estimated by our writers, some of its deadly influence, not only on our writing but on our social attitudes in a small way at least can be neutralized. The vested interests of a conscience such as a puritan possesses (like the vested interests in our capitalistic society), have to be calculated, analyzed and understood, for both disavow bitterly and fear vital, evocative writing or any form of art which is an interpretation and criticism of their life. It is not within the scope of these notes to suggest methods of attack for the problem is intimately bound up with the encouragement, skill and honesty of our native writing talent. However, satire, humor on high levels and skilful caricature, all of which are stimulating and suggestive to even the most reactionary puritan, immediately present themselves as art forms sadly neglected in our literature and which in expert hands can do much to create a healthy and more tolerant milieu for the serious writer.

It is very easy to suggest that when sufficient genuinely creative minds spring up in Canada they will receive a mature and sympathetic audience. As E. K. Brown comments, ". . . thinking of this sort ignores a fundamental fact, that literature develops in close association with society . . ." In other words literature must be assisted and fostered by social conditions which are appreciative and encouraging to the creative writer. On the basis of the evidence that we have to date, and despite the recognition accorded to Hugh MacLennan and Gwethalyn Graham, writing in Canada on any significant scale must continue to be without vitality and perception as long as our society remains afraid, immature and colonial.

THE RYERSON FICTION AWARD

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The Realist Approach

James J. Farrell

[This article is a condensed version, published by permission of the author, of the introduction to the Penguin Edition of Mr. Farrell's short stories, to be issued this fall by Penguin Books, Inc.]

► THE WORDS, *realism* and *naturalism*, seem most decidedly to have reached a saturation point in the current language of literary criticism and appreciation. The use of these terms in the characterization of the works of contemporary writers now usually leads to irrelevant and highly misleading attacks, polemics, and comments. These words have now also become the excuse for artificially imposed and meaningless discussions of free will as opposed to determinism. During the war, it was sufficient to say that a writer was a realist or a naturalist if one wanted to convince people of certain types that he was a literary snake, a Mussolini of the typewriter, an immoral creature, and one of a little band of writers who had, allegedly, demoralized the entire American nation. Now, when the works of writers designated as realists or naturalists—including mine—are being made available to a larger public in reprint editions, a few words on this question seem to be pertinent.

Each serious writer molds and changes the literary traditions in which he works. Literary traditions offer him examples from which he learns: they help to give him an approach to the material of life about which he writes. The so-called naturalistic or realistic tradition in writing has been one which has constantly sought to win for itself the right to utilize a larger area of material for literature, and, at the same time, to write with greater freedom and frankness about the conditions of life, and the quality of values, of men, and of living in a given time and place. This tradition has sustained itself in world literature for over a century. It is international in character and influence. It represents more a tendency in writing, than it does any crystallized philosophy of life, or any set of formulae as to how one ought to write, and what one ought to write about. It has opened up a greater freedom in the use in fiction of the material of public problems and public conditions of living and, at the same time, it has, also, won for itself the right to describe with greater freedom the nature of private lives, private emotions, private feelings. Flaubert, in *Madame Bovary*, for instance, wrote a great novel which deals with private life; Zola in *Germinal*, wrote an equally great novel which deals with a public problem and with the conditions of humanity as we know these in a public sense. If this tradition of realism or naturalism can be described in an inclusive generalization, it should be said that it has been a tradition which has encouraged writers to try more truthfully to represent the way life is lived, both in public and in private. There are endless differences, however, in the works of writers who are called realists and naturalists.

Inasmuch as my own work has been definitely associated with this tradition, it is appropriate for me to offer a few statements which suggest aspects of the "realism" of my writing in general. I have never tried to be a realist in general: I have never tried to be realistic for its own sake. My concern with realism has, principally, been one which seeks to grasp and to recreate a sense of the common continuity of everyday experience. My writing has been, in intention, of a character which seeks to deal with the realities of common life: as such, I would say that it is meant to be

a type of writing which reveals something of the social and personal realities of the ordinary and the familiar life of America in the present century.

When I was a boy and when I was a youth, I felt that I was alone in facing the problems that were troubling me; so often I seemed lost in an inner state of bewildered loneliness. Now, recalling this period of my own life, I remember how I had no clear conception that others might be as confused and bewildered as I; I had no realization of the fact that what I was doing and was feeling could be objectively and seriously described and discussed publicly in such media as that of realistic fiction. I have since come to understand that my sense of isolation, my failure to realize that others met problems such as I had to meet, and that they, also, were troubled by inner confusions, was due to my being wrapped up in my own affairs in the way that youth always is. It is especially the fact of modern urban life that individuals are isolated and estranged. This phenomenon is, in itself, a sufficient justification of the effort to present a realism of everyday life, a realism involving the continuity of everyday life, a realism dealing with the conduct of urban childhood and youth. For by objectifying the problems, the doubts, the moods, the patterns of language, of action and of relationships of youth, others will see that their problems are bound up with the common problems of the time. If they approach serious writing in this manner, it may then help them to discover more about themselves and the conditions of life around them. And a realism of common life must, I would insist, be calculated to help others to find this road to self-discovery, and to social discovery.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► CASABLANCA, as every movie-goer knows, is a place where things happen. It may have something to do with those swinging doors, Venetian blind style, or with all the restaurants, where so much of the action takes place, being located in very smoky cellars with narrow rickety staircases leading into them—invitations to violence in themselves. Mix all this with Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart and you get heavy romance; mix it with the Marx brothers, and a more sanguine observer might imagine that you get a Casablanca picture to end all Casablanca pictures, since nothing with the slightest claim to high seriousness will ever be able to happen there again. Certainly it will be impossible to see those familiar tortuous streets and the ramshackle bazaars without an inward tremor of mirth, remembering Chico's fleet of plain and chequered camel-taxis, or to be presented with the usual Casablanca hotel room without seeing the substantial and ridiculous ghost of Groucho staggering in and out, burdened down with a champagne bottle in a bucket of ice, a portable phonograph, a collapsible table to set it on, records, a sheaf of roses, a flagon of perfume, a platter of fruit, and numerous other articles indispensable to the itinerant wolf on the loose.

Of course what distinguishes the Marx brothers from all the other fraternal comedy teams is their remarkable intelligence, combined with a far superior sense of timing, as a group, and the three nicely graded types of comedy they present, like the three bears, as individuals.

Harpo's talent is the most subtle and the most unsettling. The picture opens with an extremely familiar comic situation. Harpo is discovered leaning with graceful negligence against a bazaar wall; a policeman comes along and with

the heavy-handed sarcasm which is a hall-mark of policemen everywhere says "What do you think you're doing—holding up the building?" Harpo nods; there is a close-up of his candid, sensitive face, and the audience is immediately aware that he is telling the truth. Not so the hasty policeman; he drags Harpo away, and sure enough the building collapses. It is that moment of intelligent rapport between Harpo and the audience in an absurd situation which establishes his authority as a comedian and leads us on to credit and applaud his wildest extravagances. Later we see him drinking a cup of tea, with his little finger crooked politely, and the precise expression of simpering imbecility peculiar to a matron at a tea-party consuming pink and green-tinted cookies. Finishing the tea, he composedly eats the cup and saucer with the same expression of enjoyment, and we are convulsed. It does not really matter, as some critics have said, that in a previous picture he has eaten a telephone; it is we who are so dull and repeat ourselves, and Harpo's controlled exasperation which is unique.

Chico serves as middleman between Harpo's speechless eloquence and Groucho's broad and vocal comedy. In *A Night in Casablanca* he plays the piano with that effortless virtuosity we all have in dreams, plus a number of comic inventions very few of us would have the ingenuity to dream up. In *Moonlight Cocktail* he bounces gently to the rhythm, a la Ellington or any jazz pianist, and presently the whole befezzed orchestra under his direction is posting too—another convention hilariously debunked. Chico's real function, though, is to act as interpreter between Harpo and Groucho, and to make it possible by his presence for them to act in the same picture. His own comedy suffers in the process, but the unity of the picture is secured.

Oddly enough, it is not Harpo but Groucho who puts the critics to confusion. James Agee, for instance, says that Groucho is the funniest satirist of the century, that he has an extremely sophisticated wit, and that he has always been slowed and burdened by his audience. At the risk of identifying myself with Agee's bucolic audience, I should say flatly that Groucho is an excellent clown who by fine slapstick pantomime makes some of the oldest and worst lines in the world sound funny. "Marriage is impossible," says the nominal hero of the picture. "Not until after you're married," replies Groucho with a roll of his enormous eyes. It is his wittiest, though not his funniest line, and as far as I could judge the audience had no trouble getting it. As for *Time's* remark that Groucho carries the weight of the show and the woes of the world somewhere in the kidney region, it seems to me that he is bearing up well under the load, so much so in fact that he hasn't changed a bit since *Horse Feathers* and *Duck Soup*. It is indeed Harpo who has changed and become sadder, subtler, and more tired; who has lost his earlier rapacious eroticism, and who plays his harp more and more seriously. It may not be the woes of the world which are slowly taking their toll; the weight of the picture, though, rests chiefly with him, not Groucho; no wonder he looks tired. . . .

Letter from London

Stella Harrison

► THE FIRST MONDAY IN AUGUST is, with us, a national holiday, commemorating nothing, symbolising nothing save the popular need for a break and a breathing space amid the dog-days. The legislation which gave us this "Bank Holiday" belongs to the days of the merchant princes, when commerce ruled and banking was the highest function of

civilized man. In fact, the whole thing boils down to a legal permit to the banking houses to remain closed on a day which is neither the sabbath nor a festival of the Anglican church. Only in the course of half a century of union organization, of negotiations, industrial disputes and hard-won agreements has the right of the manual worker to this day's holiday with pay become generally recognized.

I reflected on this as, just back from Paris where I had not been allowed to visit the empty Palais du Luxembourg between the end of the Council of Four and the start of the Conference of Twenty-One, I stood in the queue with the holiday crowd waiting to visit the Palace of Westminster. The buildings are in normal peacetime open to the public on Saturday afternoons, the English housewife's peak period of shopping and baking. This act of opening the Mother of Parliaments to the people on the people's holiday is exactly what one expects of a socialist Minister of Works.

It is as though the Government had announced as Parliament rose for the summer recess: Come and see where we have been working anything up to 18 hours a day this past year; come in, people of England, so that when the most representative parliament in our history reassembles, something of your aura may remain with the members, to cheer them for past achievement and to inspire them to fresh endeavor. For throughout its expected five years of life, this parliament has to go on working at the same pressure as it has done during its first year if it is to leave on the Statute Book the laws which will accord a large measure of socialism in our generation.

To achieve what it has, the Government has had to drive its own supporters to the limit of their endurance. The long crowded sittings have been as bitterly opposed by the Tories as the Bills before them; for the old Chamberlain slogan "Time is on our side" still holds. All the Conservatives can find to accuse the Government of is that it is trying to do what it was elected to do; this they cannot prevent but they would like to slow down.

You ask what purpose such delaying tactics are intended to serve. Well, the answer is in the nature of the clause-by-clause resistance to every Labor Bill. There is rarely a word of constructive criticism, only the desperate defence of the "rights" of private profit-making and the monotonous insistence that this, that or the other measure of socialisation will, if adopted, slow down production, retard our export drive, ruin our trade relations, undermine confidence at home and abroad; in short, lead to dire disaster.

Now the Tory members are many of them successful business and professional men, with a high degree of commercial intelligence and often some leavening of political perspicacity. Men like Churchill and Eden must know perfectly well that there is nothing to these arguments; the old election bogies are clearly transparent in the light of parliamentary debate. They must be aware that the socialising measures are not automatically foredoomed to failure, that they will, in fact, bring with them not disaster but untold benefit to the great mass of the electorate, labor and opposition voters alike. And that is just what they are afraid of; that is why they quibble, fight, oppose, delay. Because if enough socialist legislation is passed soon enough, its successful application will sound the death-knell of Conservative chances not only at the next elections but for all time. The very extent to which they have tried to bamboozle the people, with lurid forecasts of the horrible consequence of socialist government, into support for their privileged caste, must expose them to ridicule when the people are in a position to judge by results.

During the civil aviation debate, someone mentioned that the R.A.F. had been run as a national service without any suggestion from the most diehard quarters that it was

therefore a prey to inefficiency, extravagance and petty officialdom. The obvious deduction that the competitive profit motive was no more essential to well-run civil aviation was irresistible. The Tories predicted that bread rationing was going to make life quite unlivable in Britain and some of their press organs put forward the alternative of removing the subsidy and allowing the price of bread to rise, so that the poor could not afford to waste it! We are rationed for bread, the system works smoothly, and those whose low income makes them big bread consumers get their fair share, at a price they can afford.

Public opinion — not what the newspaper owners would like the public to think, but what it thinks independently and often in spite of propaganda — will inevitably judge by results, using its own interest as a yardstick. If a good Bill becomes law soon enough for its administration to be perfected and its good effects to make themselves widely felt, no name by which the opposition may seek to revile it will render that law unpopular. The Tories want to restrict, to the utmost of their obstructive capacity, the results by which the people will judge.

Hence the long sittings, the closely argued clauses, and hence the Ministerial refusal to suspend certain sessions until a division was reached, despite bitter Tory protests. And now, in the parliamentary recess, the Tory press is busily reproaching the Government not with having failed in its duty to the electorate, but with having utilised its overwhelming majority to carry through more of the nation's business in one year than the Tories thought it expedient or profitable to carry through.

However, in Britain most people buy Tory papers and vote Labor — an oddity my logical French friends never cease to wonder at.

OKANAGAN PICTURES

I

At night, on unnamed hills
In at the country's core—
At night the striving's done,
Logs are rolled
To sleep on the curled clean shore
And water waits; and the tug
Waits for the dawn's stir.

At night the apple trees
Lean alone in wind,
Spilling the sleep
Out of a lazy leaf;
Cattle are hunched on ridges
Motionless, and mute.
At night Interior towns
Snap lights and shutter eyes;
They know love's contours, and the road's
Equally by touch.

These cherished the day
And the night cherishes such.

II

I hear high river flood
And thunder against my wall.
If I open the door, I become
The waterfall;
If I escape I fumble and all
My limbs are foam
And branches of the source.
My tributary fingers probe
And lave the land.

Water is life; and the thrusting fruit-trees
Suck to my twisted course;
Peach bloom, or flesh in the tigerish skin
Sways over hillsides, leans my way
And the ruffled fur of lakes
Licks at my lush
And turbulent gates.

III

What is the music of this land
Okanagan singing?
Sometimes it's a fierce
A shouted sentence meted out
By wind's slurred frenzy, pruning trees;
And fisted water, hammering the shore.
Sometimes these,
But otherwise a hush on sage-brush hill,
A pine-branch soaring to the high
Blue bowl incessantly re-formed
By foam and froth of cloud—
White against black
Scudding a scoop of sky.

IV

Oh last to loom are clouds
Whose continents swing low, communicate,
Darkening burnt soil, hill-tossed
Where yellow suns are thrust!
And now their dream shape swathes, and travels slow
Across blue port holes, jagged jaws
And meets moist moorings mountains high.
Here sky's white echo bends in lake,
Waves wool washing, crazy sheep;
Is pierced, where a mountain finds its leap
Its own unconscious mirrored there
Fanwise, and flying deep!

Dorothy Livesay.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

France and Frenchmen

LA FEDERATION FRANCAISE: Jean de la Roche and Jean Gottmann; editions de l'Arbre, Montreal; pp.638; \$4.00.

Concerned with the future of the French colonial empire, the authors have here given us a very full study of the factors that have to be taken into account when that future is settled. Every colony or protectorate is discussed: its geography, its inhabitants, the changes brought by French rule, the different kinds of administrative machinery in each case; economic developments, trade with continental France, past difficulties of various kinds. This analysis occupies the bulk of the book, and obviously cannot be adequately discussed in a brief review.

The authors then go on to plead for a federation within which there will be sufficient elbow-room for local-government and development according to local needs and traditions, without severing the connection with France itself. It is all interesting reading especially for those of us who know a little about the British colonial empire and nothing about any other. It should at least teach us that humanitarian aspirations and high intentions are not a British monopoly. As for an assessment of the actual results from the native's point of view, that would require a good deal of evidence to be sought elsewhere.

An appendix includes a very interesting document on colonial rule by the late governor-general of French Equa-

torial Africa, Felix Eboué, himself an African negro, and a draft federal constitution by the authors. As in so many French books of this kind, there is a very full table of contents, but one misses an adequate index that would make a book such as this even more useful as a work of reference.

G. M. A. G.

I ACCUSE DE GAULLE: Henri De Kerillis; George J. McLeod (Harcourt, Brace & Co.); pp. 270; \$3.50.

As seen by the title, this book is an attack on General De Gaulle. The main charge is that the leader of the Free French movement very soon, under sinister influences, even Cagoulards, at his own headquarters, became, instead of a fighting Frenchman leading his troops on the battlefields, a French politician with his own personal future mainly in view, and that every prominent man who might have been a rival in personal ascendancy was cold-shouldered and finally sacrificed to the De Gaulle ambitions.

Henri De Kerillis himself was a conservative deputy in the French Chamber before the war, but his was the only vote, with the Communists, against the Munich agreements in 1938. His book is written primarily for Frenchmen, and it is up to them to answer it. Certainly, it cannot be all brushed aside. Some of his charges at least are well-documented, and certainly the attitude of De Gaulle toward his allies at crucial moments, particularly at the time of the campaigns in North Africa — his terrible and disgraceful quarrels with Giraud — all these and much more require a good deal of explanation.

On the other hand, M. De Kerillis is a violent as well as vigorous writer, and an impulsive man, and certainly the very violence of his accusations make him suspect, at least of exaggeration. However, the true story of De Gaulle and De Gaullism still has to be written, and this book will certainly have to be taken into account in the writing of it.

G.M.A.G.

A L'ECHELLE HUMAINE: Léon Blum; L'Arbre (Montreal); pp. 215.

During his wartime imprisonment, Léon Blum inevitably pondered on the state of France, on the reasons for the collapse of 1940; he wrote down his conclusions, and with them, his hopes for the future of France and the world. This little book is published as he then wrote it. It is the better for that, for a prime minister can think and write more leisurely, in a sense more freely, in jail than in office or even in opposition. At least if he is a man like Leon Blum, who is probably the nearest approach in our day to Plato's dream of the thinker-statesman. He is a noble figure in French politics. His leadership of the Socialist Party was no doubt partly due to his intellectual power (a quality more appreciated in French politics than in Anglo-Saxon countries), but it was certainly due in very large part to the fact that men knew they could trust him, completely; and that quality is treasured everywhere. Blum has not only honesty in the ordinary sense — many men have that — and an unwavering devotion to the right as he sees it; he also has that rarer quality of complete mental integrity, and he is honest with himself.

These reflections of his are not only suggestive and illuminating, as they were bound to be; they also make a very moving document, for his faith in democracy and in socialism did not falter in those darkest days of Vichy, surely the severest test. Defeat, as he reminds us, is in itself no conviction of error. But something was very wrong with France. Not with its democratic principles, but perhaps with their application. The ruling bourgeois middle class, which held both the economic and the political power, even in the brief period of the popular front government, had become

utterly unworthy of its responsibilities. The same could (and can) be seen in other countries, but in England during the war, the middle class, in spite of its near-betrayals, still had enough life, enough honest men, to join with the rising socialism in saving the nation. In France the bourgeoisie, as a group, had neither life nor ethic left, and socialism was not ready. There was a vacuum of sovereignty. The superannuated ruling group could no longer rule by consent, and the political heir had not sufficiently earned the people's confidence to take its place.

Most interesting perhaps, and meriting study by socialists, including Canadian socialists, are the chapters in which Blum seeks the reasons why lasting parties are so hard to build in France, and where his own socialist party failed. He gives three reasons: first, in spite of their program for rearmament in 1936, they had not faced the problem of war boldly and frankly after Munich; second, the recent united front with the Communists had confused the two parties in the popular mind, and the Communists were traitors to France in 1940; thirdly, though the socialists were guiltless of the calumnies piled upon them, their moral difference from the old parties had not been made sufficiently clear to the people — "the (political) morality of the working class movement may well have been intact, but, more than that, its moral superiority should have shone before the eyes of all. And that was lacking." He boldly links the faults on both sides with the defects of the educational system in France. The concluding chapters on the need for international government if democracy and socialism are to work, contain nothing that is new in 1946, but they derive interest and significance from the time, and the circumstances, in which they were written.

Canadian Forum readers may be usefully reminded that the same publishers gave us in 1943, under the title of *L'Histoire Jugera*, a collection of Leon Blum's editorial writings from 1932 to 1940, and the substance of his defense before the court of Riom. The whole Riom speech was also then published by the British Labor Book Service as *Leon Blum Before His Judges*. Together with the one here reviewed, these books give a good picture of a great man and a great Frenchman.

G. M. A. Grube.

Canadian Poetry

GREEN WORLD: Miriam Waddington; First Statement Press; pp. 29; \$1.00.

This is the third of a series of books of Canadian poetry which began with Irving Layton's *Here and Now* and Patrick Anderson's *A Tent for April*. Mrs. Waddington has a lyrical gift of great beauty and subtlety, and her work has a uniform level of excellence both in technique and expressive power. There are some peripheral poems: "In the Big City" and "Who Will Build Jerusalem" belong respectively to a type of allegory and of political comment that are not her long suits, and such poems as "Ballet" and "Cadenza" are decorative rather than evocative. But the volume as a whole is a striking and unexpectedly vivid personal communication — I say unexpectedly because a habitual reader of modern poetry gets accustomed to a colorless anonymity.

Like most lyrical poets, Mrs. Waddington has a song of innocence and a song of experience, knows that neither is unreal, and is perplexed by their contrast. The forcing bed, so to speak, of her lyrical genius is a "green world" of the mind, a kind of chrysalis or embryo of imaginative experience, represented by such symbols as a sleeping bird and a subterranean cavern, a soap-bubble world "Where water images cling to the inside sphere," and where "green" has something of the symbolic meaning that it has in the poetry of Marvell.

Outside her is a world represented primarily by the "angled city," a world of filth and selfishness and horror, where each person is imprisoned in "self's captivity" and where even the symbols of the green world appear as lies:

Under the dawn of city skies
Moves the sun in presaged course
Smoothing out the cunning lies
That hide the evil at the source.

Or, in a bolder and finer imaginative flash:

... oh the blooded stars
Roll down the world and bright as oranges
They light the plundered groves.

As this world of experience blocks up the present, the poet associates the green world with the past, either a personal past (as in "The Sleepers") or a historical past (as in "Portrait"); hence it is constructed primarily out of memory and nostalgia. The bridges between the two worlds are not very secure or permanent—love is one, of course; human sympathy, of the kind that discovers one's common humanity with a Jewish whore in "The Bond," is another; a settled will to remodel a world of misery is another:

Because I love my past and you hate yours
Let us join hands and plunge into the future.

and occasional flashes of vision like one in "Summer in the Street" is another. But the poet is most eloquent when she is describing their continuous conflict, as in the bitter and pathetic "Morning until Night" with which the book ends, or in "Circles," which is possibly the finest of all her poems.

To Marvell in the seventeenth century, the green world was not a private possession to be carefully sheltered from a surrounding evil world, but itself the circumference of the evil world, an eternal permanence that not only antedates the evil world but has the power to destroy it. Mrs. Waddington has a symbol of a kind of solar energy radiating from the fingertips that suggests a similar idea, and she becomes still more explicit in a little poem called "Where". If she pursues this line of thought she should have something very interesting to say as her work matures and becomes more complex and intellectualized.

Northrop Frye.

WHEN WE ARE YOUNG: Raymond Souster; First Statement Press; pp. 25c; \$1.00.

THROUGH THE DARK WOOD: Polly Hill; Oxford (Chatto and Windus); pp. 39; \$1.25.

Here are two young people, one English, one Canadian, offering their poetry for the first time in book form. Mr. Souster writes about how he feels, Miss Hill writes about why she feels. And that difference in emphasis is the difference between immaturity and progression. To Mr. Souster, it is not what is happening to the world that matters, but how he feels about what is happening to the world:

The beer is suddenly flat,
The hour is late, and we are tired, yes, very tired
Of the office, of money, of all the girls, of all the stories,
of all the times
Bright, gay, crude, and sad, of waking, sleeping, thinking,
hating, fearing, wondering, hoping
A little tired of life.

(*The Evening Hour*)

Well, I am tired too. For a dozen years ago Kenneth Fearing did this sort of thing in the United States, and why Canadians have to limp behind a depression tradition that is done, is more than, in this mood, I can stomach.

Unfair to Canadian poets? Yes, indeed, if I am to be told that sitting at midnight in Bowles Cafeteria, Toronto, is Canada. For what Raymond Souster is unable to do, is to universalize his locale, his mood, his emotions. They remain like last night's newspaper, something we do not want to read again. This is not literature, but journalism; not poetry, but verse. It has, of course, the good attributes of news writing: clarity of description, of wording, conciseness, ability to concentrate on one point and hammer it home. But none of these attributes, alone or together, can create that permanent emotional impression which is poetry.

That Mr. Souster can, when he tries, be objective, is proven by a few pictures like "The Hunter", "The Patients", "Young Girls."

We whistle after them, then laugh, for they
Stiffen, not knowing what to do or say.

But the fact that there are few poems of this type in the book, makes me question Mr. Souster's critical faculty. He has been young long enough. Time to grow up.

Miss Hill, on the other hand, is looking further back than Mr. Souster, to the period of childhood. And perhaps the added remoteness that the years bring helps her achieve this remarkably objective, though personal, poetic tale. To describe the adult world through a child's eye is a feat difficult enough even in prose. But to experiment with the idea through an imaginative, rhythmic technique and an ironic understatement, is even more interesting. In a sense, these are "conversations" and the heroine, The Child, is a modern version of Alice in Wonderland. Like any other drama, it is not possible to quote excerpts with any telling effect. The piece has to be read aloud at a sitting to get its full import, the pace of which is set in this way:

Child: Where are we going?

Nurse: Out for a walk.

Child: Why?

Nurse: The air is fresh and good for children.

Besides

They want to get you out of the house.

Soon the child's nimble mind contrives to reverse the situation, and it is she who is taking the Nurse for a walk. An imaginary adventure develops, psychological in its implications and subtlety, disarming in its reasoning. The total effect is one of charm, freshness and good humor.

Whether *Through the Dark Wood* is a poem, as its jacket insists, will be left for every reader to decide for himself. At least its use of language is cunning in its simplicity, and its emotional import pointed toward parents, social workers—and even, young poets!

Dorothy Livesay.

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War and Peace

THE INTERNAL ADMINISTRATION OF AN INTERNATIONAL SECRETARIAT: Chester Purves; Oxford (Royal Inst. Inter. Affairs); pp. 78; \$1.50.

Your reviewer has always feared something like this: an attempt to choke the life out of the U.N.O. by encumbering it with the excess baggage of a civil service built on the model of the British Civil Service. The problems of civil servants grades A and B, rates of pay, filing systems, divisional responsibility, etc., are probably as inevitable as they are depressing, but this is not what really excites the alarm of your reviewer. Rather it is the half-spoken and unspoken assumptions of Mr. Purves that the civil service of the U.N.O. "must set at least as high a standard as that of the British Civil Service." This will be fatal.

An international organization seeking to realize the hopes of the vast mass of the people regardless of race and class could not do worse than set its sights so low. If the U.N.O. has to pattern its civil service on some example better would it be to copy the civil service of Honduras which, according to all reports, is corrupt, inefficient and shot through with venality and nepotism. But at least it is a civil service free of efficiency, race prejudice, subservience to money power, ambition for anything more harmful than comfort, and loyalty to myths as useful to greed as they are foolish to the eye of rational examination.

The cardinal problem of any civil service, national or international, is to bring it into touch with the mass of the people and make it an instrument for the realization of their hopes and their will. There is scarcely a political principle in the world sounder than the Jacksonian principle underlying the spoils system. There is no job in any civil service except possibly that of mint craftsman that cannot be learned by any business man, workman or school boy of average intelligence within six weeks. It may, of course, require a few weeks longer for a dullard to learn the arts of making a career in the civil service (which is quite a different thing to doing the work for which one is paid). The recent war has proved this beyond any doubt. The untrained civil servant is almost invariably a better public servant than the trained bureaucrat. In Canada the public has had better conceived and more determinedly executed policies from reformed pirates from the Land of Business than it has ever had from the cunning rabbits who make up the "trained civil service."

Before we start talking about rates of pay, filing systems and promotions let us make sure of the principles on which the U.N.O.'s civil service shall be built. Above all that civil service must be *representative*: of the races, classes, creeds and ideas of mankind. Like linen the personnel must be changed often in order to be kept politically clean. If we ever allow the servants of the U.N.O. to develop Traditions and the Spirit of Service we shall end up with them bearing the White Man's Burden. Mr. Purves ought to consult M. Jean-Francois Pouliot, the Member of Parliament for Temiscouata, P.Q., and then rewrite his book.

H. S. F.

Alcoholism

ALCOHOLISM IS A SICKNESS: Herbert Yahraes; Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 118; pp. 32; 15c.

Medical research has proved that alcoholism can be successfully treated by hospitalization but it requires sociological research to prove that the causes of alcoholism lie in social insecurity in very large degree. Anxiety and hopelessness drive a man or woman to alcohol for the temporary escape from factual life; alcohol releases neurotic tensions and provides one-third of the calories essential to diet but

with none of the proteins, vitamins or minerals. The alcoholic suffers from malnutrition because he cuts down on food; malnutrition is the basis for many kinds of physical disability and deprives the body of its natural resistance. Hospitalization is a curative process for the man who has succumbed to the end results of alcoholism, but total employment and social security would provide the preventive conditions that eliminate a great part of alcoholism that stretches between anxiety and the alcoholics' ward. B. D.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

NORAH McCULLOUGH writes: While working in the Transvaal from 1938 into 1940 I found opportunity to visit most of the native territories and also to investigate some aspects of native education in the mission schools. Late in 1940 I accepted an offer to stay in South Africa in order to establish an art centre for the Cape Education Department. This done, my Department gave me the rather overwhelming post of art inspectress for the whole of the vast and varied Cape Province. I served in this capacity until my return to Canada last February.

DONALD C. MacDONALD, of Ottawa, is national education and information secretary of the CCF.

A. M. KLEIN, who has long been known to readers of *The Canadian Forum*, is a practising attorney in Montreal. *Hath Not a Jew* and *The Hitleriad* are two recent collections of his poems.

JAMES T. FARRELL, author of *Studs Lonigan*, etc., is a former contributor to *The Canadian Forum*.

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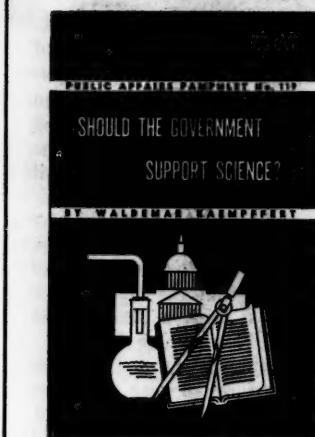
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